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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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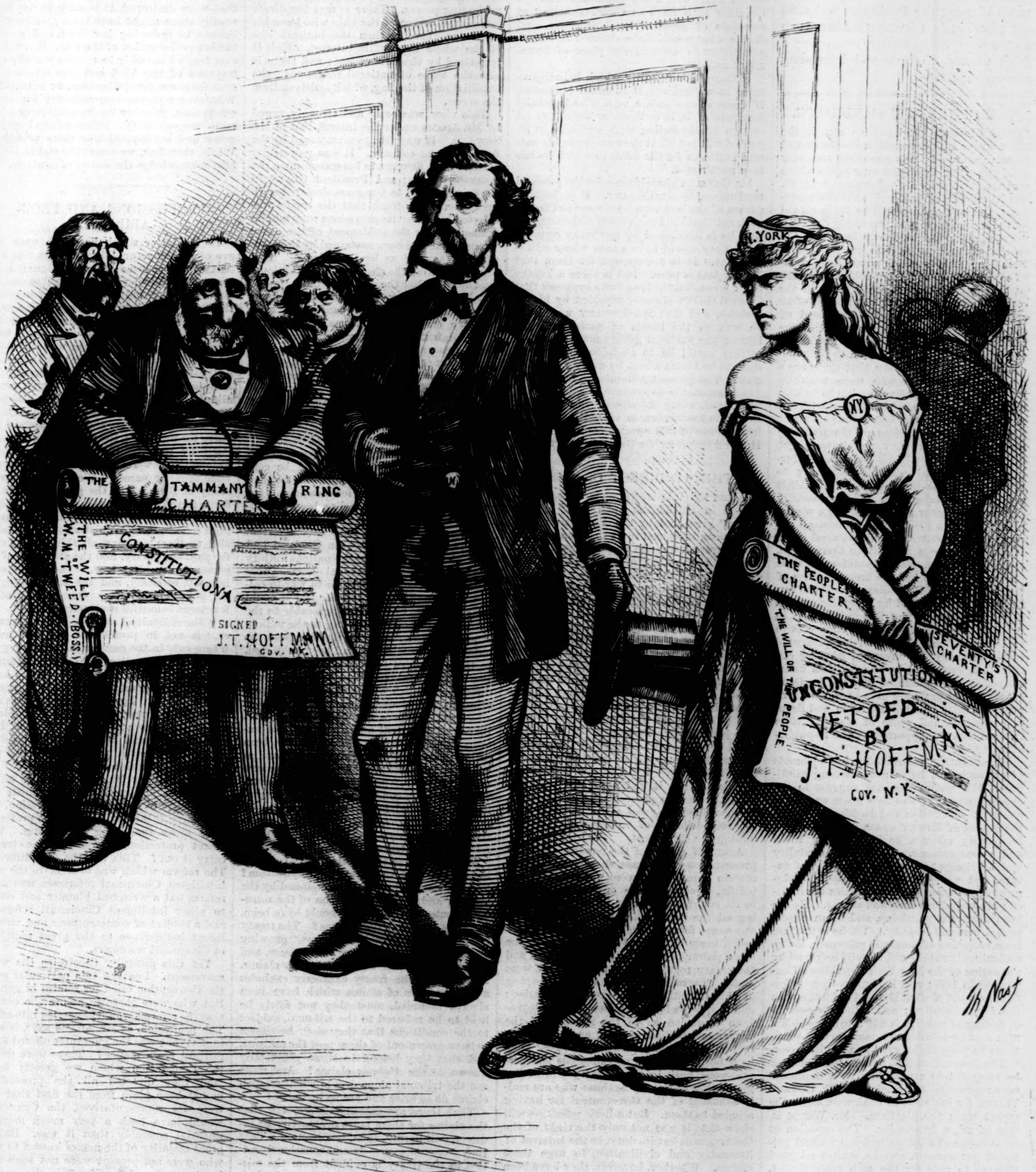

THE TAMMANY RING CHARTER
THE WILL OF W. M. TWEED (BOSS.)
CONSTITUTIONAL
SIGNED J. T. HOFFMAN GOV. N.Y.
N. YORK
NY
THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER
THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE
SEVENTY'S CHARTER
UNCONSTITUTIONAL
VETOED BY J. T. HOFFMAN GOV. N.Y.
Th. Nast

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

OUR BRAVE AND HONORABLE GOVERNOR. "So convinced am I that great and disastrous evils to the City are likely to grow out of the enactment of this Charter, that if I knew every man in the City of New York was clamoring for it, I would not give it my approval."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 18, 1872.

☞ Our readers will be pleased to learn that a new serial story, by the author of "Cecil's Tryst," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," and other popular novels, will be commenced in the next number of Harper's Weekly. It is called

"A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE;"

and our readers will find it one of the most fascinating and thrilling novels from the Author's pen.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly the Publishers will send out gratuitously a Richly Illustrated Eight-page Supplement, containing a great variety of fresh and interesting reading matter.

THE CINCINNATI CANDIDATE.

The Cincinnati nomination struck the country at once with amusement and astonishment. It was probably the only nomination for President ever made which was received with a good-humored laugh. We have not sympathized with the movement, and our opinion will be little valued by those who have; but certainly the Convention, after the high key in which the speech of Mr. Schurz was pitched, could have done nothing which would have seemed so much a jest as what it did. It was called by the most earnest free-traders in the country, and ended in the nomination of an arch protectionist. It was composed of some sincere reformers and a crowd of the most notorious politicians, and it resulted in the confusion of the former and the triumph of the latter. We believe that there are a great many persons who were wistfully watching the Convention, hoping to be able to support its action, who will now, with Mr. Adams, wish "to draw out of that crowd."

We have often spoken of the patriotic services of Mr. Greeley, nor do we forget them now. They will not be forgotten during the long and searching scrutiny to which his public life and words and deeds will now be submitted. The necessarily personal character of the campaign we deplore; but it is inevitable. Cincinnati has chosen to present a merely personal issue. It claimed to be a Republican Convention, and it has nominated a Republican against the regular action and the known wishes of the great mass of Republicans, and who can not hope to be elected by Republican votes alone. He breaks the Republican line in front of the enemy. His sole chance is in their protection. The question presented to the country, therefore, is, whether Mr. Greeley, supported by the political interest which has nominated him and by Democrats, would probably give to the country greater purity of administration and deeper confidence and sense of stability than General Grant, supported by the Republican party.

Mr. Greeley undoubtedly has elements of strength, but he is not a strong candidate. His name does not suggest to the country either of the two great executive qualities—discretion and decision. Bred in the school of Henry Clay, whose memory he piously reveres, he is naturally timid and a compromiser. He has the credulity which belongs to a certain simplicity of nature, and which destroys all sound judgment of persons. His sympathies are limited; his prejudices deep and strong. He has been always a politician, and of an unsuspected personal honesty. Yet he is not free from suspicion of personal grievance, for he undoubtedly considered himself betrayed by the action of the New York Republican Convention in 1870; and it is plain that he has felt the want of what is called influence with the Administration; and although personal feeling in politics is not a thing which a man readily admits, such motives may sometimes be properly inferred in a public career.

The Convention that nominated him must be supposed to accept him as a candidate who represents its principles. Mr. Horace White, for instance, as chairman, signs the report upon the platform. Mr. White is, first of all, a free-trader. The question at issue is one of administration, of sound policy of government, and he invites all good citizens to vote for the arch protectionist. The platform virtually denounces the Ku-Klux legislation, but that policy has no stancher advocate than Mr. Greeley. It would also purge politics of politicians—a difficult task: but Mr. Greeley is peculiarly a politician. In Mr. Schurz's speech the Convention demanded a great statesman, steady, calm, sagacious. Did that speech describe Mr. Greeley?

We invite all thoughtful American citizens to consider the influences that nominated Mr. Greeley, known to none so well as to the best men in the Convention; then to consider his attitude during the war, when the real character of every man was tried. He would have allowed the States to decide whether they would secede. He sorely perplexed the opening of Mr. Lincoln's administration, forcing the army into the field before it was ready. He begged Mr. Lincoln to try to buy a peace by paying for the slaves. He represented Mr. Lincoln's action in the Niagara conference in a manner which Mr. Lincoln declared put him in a false position before the country. And he signed a letter to the loyal Governors after Mr. Lincoln was renominated in 1864, substantially asking whether he should not be set aside and a new candidate selected. Consider such facts as these, occurring at moments of great national exigency, and decide what would have chanced had Horace Greeley been in the place of Abraham Lincoln.

If there is one quality which is indispensable in a President, it is sound judgment. If there is one public man who is totally destitute of it, it is Horace Greeley. A certain kindly feeling with which he is regarded will not blind the country to his natural unfitness for the office to which he has been nominated.

Mr. Greeley himself concedes the personal rectitude of General Grant. It is the allegation of the best men who went to Cincinnati, not that the President is dishonest, but that he is influenced by unworthy counselors. They would have a man whose will is adamant. It is not enough for them that his purpose is pure. But is there a human being competent to judge who supposes that General Grant is easily moulded by his associates, and that Mr. Greeley would not be wax in the hands of flatterers? To intrust the national government to his direction would be to abandon the ship of state to be blown about by every whimsical gust. The present Administration may be justly amenable to censure in some points, as, indeed, every Administration must be. But it is inconceivable that the patriotic intelligence of this country could substitute Horace Greeley for General Grant.

THE "INDIRECT CLAIMS."

When Mr. Gladstone made his vehement speech in Parliament upon the "indirect claims" presented by the American "case" at Geneva, it seemed to us that the tribunal of arbitration was the proper judge both of its own powers and of the validity, under the treaty, of the claims submitted to it. Nor have we seen any reason to change that opinion. Mr. John Stuart Mill states the point with force and precision in saying that "If there is any value at all in the principle of international arbitration, there is surely no subject to which that principle can be more fittingly applied than to determining the true sense of an international engagement." The treaty authorized both powers to put in a case, and of course each power was to decide for itself what kind of case was justified by the treaty. If the right could be conceded to either of shaping the case of the other, the arbitration would become a comedy. Yet if either power were of opinion that it had not understood the treaty, or that to proceed with the arbitration involved too great a risk, it could take the responsibility of withdrawing and annulling the agreement.

Again, if either of the powers, after the presentation of its case, should decide that certain points in it were untenable or impolitic, it could waive or withdraw them in its counter-case or in its argument, taking all the inconveniences and risks. But the moral force of such a waiver would be lost if made in the face of a threat from the other power to abandon the arbitration and the treaty together unless the waiver were made. There has seemed to be something of this difficulty in the recent situation; and it appears to have arisen in some degree from confusion as to the nature and the proper satisfaction of what are called indirect claims and consequential damages. They have been so derided as ridiculous and preposterous, both in this country and in England, that there may be those who are really ashamed of the Government for having alluded to them. But a little reflection will show that it was not only the right of the Government, but its duty, in the interest of humanity and civilization, to urge these claims. Whether, however, they have been wisely and skillfully urged, and whether the best satisfaction has been sought for them, are other questions.

Is there such a thing as a national loss to a belligerent consequent upon the conduct of a neutral, and independent of the direct, actual destruction of the property of individuals? In his famous speech of the 13th of May, 1864, Mr. Cobden said: "It is estimated that the loss sustained by the capture and burning of American vessels has been about $15,000,000, or nearly £3,000,000 sterling. But that is a small part of the injury which has been inflicted on the American marine. We have rendered the rest of her vast mercantile property, for the present, valueless, under the system of free trade by which the commerce of the world is now so largely carried on. If you raise the rate of insurance on the flag of any maritime power, you throw the trade into the hands of its competitors." And he proceeded to show by comparative figures the amount of the loss to the American marine. Here is a double *national* injury. The cruisers escaping by the laches of the neutral not only paralyze, by high rates, the commercial enterprise of the country, but they humiliate the flag by depriving it of a degree of its protecting power. There is first the direct loss of the owner of the ship who loses his property; there is then the indirect loss of the whole mercantile interest, which is terrorized by that direct loss; and there is also the sense of national disgrace in the humiliation of the flag, which is driven from the ocean.

This view was early and strongly urged by Mr. Adams under the instructions of Mr. Seward. It was always maintained by the feeling of the country. It was powerfully stated by Mr. Sumner in his speech upon the Johnson treaty; and President Grant, in his first message to Congress, declared with great force and truth that the treaty was rejected because "its provisions were wholly inadequate for the settlement of the grave wrongs that had been sustained by this government as well as by its citizens." And after recounting the character of the national loss, he adds that the national claims "could not be adjusted and satisfied as ordinary commercial claims which continually arise between commercial nations." When the Joint High Commission assembled the national loss was again distinctly declared. It was a part of our case. It had always been a part of our case. It must be regarded of necessity as a part of our case. Therefore it could not be assumed to be evasively or by implication withdrawn. When the treaty was signed it must itself be held to have settled this loss, to have satisfied these indirect claims, in terms and by express understanding, or the settlement must be considered to have been referred to the tribunal.

But was the national loss something too preposterous to refer, as has been so constantly argued? On the contrary, it was the very point that should have been referred. The danger of war between England and the United States lay in the national injury and loss, not in the individual claims. This country was not likely to go to war to collect a few millions of dollars; but it could have no pretext for war so agreeable to the national mind, so stimulating to the national pride, as the raising of the flag from the humiliation to which it had been subjected, in the opinion of the country, by England. It was the moral offense, so to speak, the indirect loss, which was most deeply exasperating to the American mind. While that was unsettled there was real danger of war. By common consent and the practice of nations England could properly have been called to account upon this ground; and as whatever is an acknowledged possible cause of war is the very point to be left to arbitration, under the code of morals and humanity, the national injury and loss were—if not consciously, openly, indisputably settled by the treaty—the chief subject to be referred to the tribunal.

Were they so settled by the treaty? Could they have been so settled by implication? Was the national grievance condoned by the apology and by the concession of the retroactive rules? Perhaps it should have been. But does it appear that it was? The treaty refers to the tribunal all claims "growing out of acts" committed by the cruisers, and generically known as the *Alabama* claims. Now, unless the treaty expressly excludes a certain class of claims which have been always included, must they not fairly be held to be referred to the tribunal, subject to the conditions that they shall be shown to have grown out of the acts of the cruisers, and that they belong to those generically known as the *Alabama* claims? And must not the tribunal alone decide whether such claims do so arise and are so included?

That there are national losses, and that the claims for them must necessarily be indirect, will hardly, then, be disputed. That they were not expressly and consciously settled in the treaty is evident from the misunderstanding. That they were waived no evidence is offered. It does not, however, follow that money damages should necessarily be demanded. Yet in the interest of peace and civilization we should be sorry to see the principle conceded that a neutral may not in any case be held responsible for national losses arising from its negligence or treachery. The United States are, indeed, a generally neutral power, and a neutral with an immense sea-coast. But neutrality has its duties as well as its rights. If our coast is extended, it is all covered by the law of the United States, and we are bound to enforce that law. More than that can not be required. All that the treaty asks of England is that she shall show "due diligence" in having enforced her own law. That due diligence we should always be anxious to show, and for any negligence in that respect we are now responsible to other nations.

What England did during our war she did with the distinct consciousness that she would be called to account for the national as well as for the individual losses. Had that consciousness been removed by a previous agreement that, even if we were successful, we could only call upon her for the actual value of the ships and the freights that were destroyed, it is easy to see how readily there might have been greater negligence in enforcing her laws, and a still further prolongation of the war. But whatever tends honorably to repress warlike enterprises of any kind and any where is a gain for peace, for civilization, for humanity. Whatever removes responsibility for such enterprises, whether an immediate or a remote responsibility, makes neutral negligence and consequent war more probable. While, therefore, we assert the rights, let us also acknowledge the duties of neutrals.

PROFESSIONS AND PROBABILITIES.

In the letter which he wrote upon the eve of his departure, Mr. Charles Francis Adams said to some of the Cincinnati leaders: "The difficulty is not in professions. It lies every where only in the manner in which they are carried into practice." It is a pregnant text, of which the spectator of the scene at Cincinnati must often have been reminded. The Convention was called for reform. Its original purpose was the reform of the Republican party. It demanded reform of the revenue system; and, above all, radical reform in the policies and persons of the Administration. Judge Matthews, the temporary chairman, praised the party for beginning the work of "reforming itself by itself." Reform was the word. Among the New York delegates we observed some familiar names. We invite a careful study of them. For the gentlemen are all for reform. The chicanery of politics, the partisan distribution of offices, the want of high tone in the Administration, are intolerable to them. Above all things they sigh for political purity, and the exclusion of all personal considerations. They ask only honesty, economy, and the sternest regard for political morality. Our history offers few more beautiful spectacles.

"The difficulty," says the Geneva preacher, "is not in professions. It lies every where only in the manner in which they are carried into practice." Now a platform is only a profession. Like Dr. Holmes's katydid, "it says an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." The first thing observable after the reformers began to assemble at Cincinnati was a prolonged effort of high protectionists and free-traders to "profess" something about a tariff, to make "a profession" upon which they could agree. But the difficulty, as Mr. Adams says, is not in professions. Supposing protectionists and free-traders to agree upon a profession, who is to carry it into practice? The profession must mean something or nothing. If it meant protection, would the free-traders carry it out? This was the first difficulty. The reform which was dearest to the most intelligent Cincinnati reformers was not a reform but a wretched blunder and offense to other intelligent Cincinnati reformers, and a subject of contemptuous and unintelligent indifference to the great multitude of Cincinnati reformers.

Yet this difficulty illustrates the whole movement. Leaving this particular point, the Convention cried for reform in general. But who were there to assure the country that the reforms would be carried into effect? The profession, as Mr. Adams says, is nothing. What was the guarantee offered for its faithful performance? There were men in the Convention whom we greatly honor. Had they directed all the proceedings, had it been plain from the first that they were its representatives, the Convention would have been a very much more influential assembly than it was. But the great majority of the names known to those who were not present were not such as to inspire profound confidence in the carrying out of professions of reform.

Against the professions of May-day at Cincinnati the people will put two facts—first, that on the same day the Administration reported that the debt had been reduced during the month of April by $12,588,088, and since the beginning of General Grant's term by $327,719,819; and secondly, that on the same day Congress abolished the tea and coffee duty, which lifts $20,000,000 from the burden of taxation. Some of the Cincinnati gentlemen will think this repeal a reform backward. But others among them will hold, not less sincerely, that it is the true policy for the country. Which are the reformers?

CLEANING THE NEW YORK BENCH.

The New York Assembly has done admirably and memorably in impeaching Judge Barnard, and in compelling Judge Cardozo to resign. The vote upon the case of Barnard was 92 ayes to 16 nays—the nays being all Democrats, who are expected to support the cause of pure administration which has been proclaimed at Cincinnati. Thus a great scandal and offense will, we hope, be removed; and certainly it will be a result which in itself shows the reform revolution of last autumn not to have been fruitless, to clear the fame of the New York bench, and to relieve this State of the incubus of a corrupt bench that rested upon it. Judge Cardozo says that a political majority opposed to his party faith intended to force him from office. The case, as he states it, is untrue. But it undoubtedly is true that it is a Republican majority which thus cleanses the bench, and that he would have been under no compulsion to resign to escape punishment had a majority of his political faith continued to control the Legislature.

It is only a year since the Tammany Ring by its amended code sought, by giving corrupt judges extraordinary powers, to destroy the last defenses of liberty in the city of New York; only a year since a despotism as absolute and unscrupulous as Louis Napoleon's, which the New York toadies of Tweed defended and praised, held the city with an apparently inexorable grasp. A few plain and overwhelming proofs submitted to the people by the New York *Times*, and an unflinching exposure of delinquents, which was deprecated in many quarters as inexcusable, roused the people to resume their rights. Their determination would doubtless have been resisted by the Ring, except for its very grim aspect, and it achieved a great peaceful revolution. It was not the dawn of the Millennium, as many seemed to suppose. But it overthrew a tyranny that seemed hopeless: it has forced one judge from the bench and it has impeached another. New York justice will cease to be a by-word.

Mr. Prince, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, has worked most faithfully and laboriously in his responsible position of collecting and adjusting the evidence. In a brief but becomingly grave and forcible speech he moved the adoption of the report, and has associated his name honorably with the most important act of the session, and one of the most cheering in our late political history.

OIL AND WATER AT CINCINNATI.

The speech of Mr. Schurz, as permanent President of the Cincinnati Convention, was a fervid protest against political immorality, and an earnest appeal to the highest political aspirations. But the adjuration to rise above the meanness of politics was addressed to an assembly in which a very large part of the conspicuous leaders were noted politicians, and the exhortation to "despise tricky manipulations" fell ludicrously upon the ears of the most accomplished political tricksters. Mr. Schurz is essentially a political philosopher; a man of high and pure political intentions; naturally a free lance, restless, impatient of details and restraints and conditions; but not, we think, apprehensive of the real political feelings that sway this country.

There is no honest American citizen who does not always acknowledge that there is constant opportunity for reform and progress. But, despite the solemn reiterations of the best class of the Cincinnati partisans, that progress is constantly making. The speech of Mr. Schurz described very well a condition of affairs which was true under Andrew Johnson. But the implication of the speech was that it had grown worse and worse. There was no suggestion that under General Grant there had been a steadily increasing honesty and economy in the collection and disbursement of the revenue, and that the myriad investigations with which the Administration has been scrutinized upon every side do not justify to candid minds the vociferous allegations of loathsome rottenness and corruption which are constantly heard. Vague and general charges of venality and ignorance and carelessness are like the cries of unconstitutionality and sneers at drifting folly that were uttered against the Administration of Mr. Lincoln. There is always pregnant matter for criticism, but the terrible lion still sat in Mr. Schurz's path at Cincinnati. Granting that reform and progress are desirable, we who sustain the Republican party believe that the chances for them are more promising while that party is dominant. And Mr. Schurz failed at Cincinnati, as in New York, to show us why real reform was more probable from a union of a few generous and honest men with Democrats and personally discontented Republicans.

For the Cincinnati movement is composed not only of heterogeneous but of irreconcilable elements. Senator Schurz, for instance, finds himself and Senator Trumbull associated in the Senate with Mr. Fenton and Mr. Tipton. Does he reflect upon the significance of that fact? Beyond the Senate, those who may, not offensively, be called the brains of the movement are, like himself, free-traders, while the multitude who are to do the work and the voting, and who will control the policy of the movement, are composed of Democrats and of what the *Evening Post* calls bummers. Now the question of free trade did not disturb the Republican party, because that party was founded upon a great principle, to secure which all other questions were to be subordinated. But the Cincinnati movement does not claim to be one of principle. It demands only honest administration under the general Republican principle. But here the question of free trade is vital and paramount, because in the judgment of the *Evening Post* and other strong friends of the new movement, a protective tariff is merely systematized robbery.

To leave the point to be decided by Congressional districts is not only evasion and cowardice, but it is stupidity. An Executive is not an Administration. If Cincinnati can elect a President, it must also choose a Congress to sustain him. Now if the subject of the revenue be referred to the districts, how can Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dorsheimer vote for the same candidates? To say that it may be left to the majority, as it was during the political fight with slavery, is sheer folly, because now, according to the theory, the political fight is with corruption, and a tariff is robbery.

In the audience which Mr. Schurz addressed there were two paramount feelings. One was the desire for purity of administration, of which revenue reform was believed to be an indispensable element; the other, and the overwhelming feeling, was revenge upon Grant. We do not believe that to secure the object of the earnest and honest men in that Convention the country is disposed to break up the Republican party and trust to luck.

ANY THING TO BEAT GRANT.

Mr. Beck, one of the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives, lately made one of the charges against the honesty of the Administration which are now the chief cry of the alliance against the Republican party. Mr. Beck's charge is a good illustration of the kind of warfare that is waged upon the President. It was as follows:

> "During the last fiscal year, in defiance of that law [act of July 12, 1870], the War Department, as is shown by the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, expended $8,000,000 in excess of the appropriations, and sold arms to the French to make good the deficiency; and the proceeds of those arms are now deposited in the Treasury to the credit of that Department, subject to be drawn out by it."

The Secretary of War, in a letter to Mr. Dawes, remarks that Mr. Beck is in error at all points, and proceeds in the tersest and most conclusive manner to prove it. The War Department did *not* expend any sums in excess of appropriation; it did *not* sell arms to make good the deficiency; even if there were a deficiency, the money to the credit of ordnance stores could not be used to make it good; the proceeds of the sales mentioned are *not* in the Treasury to the credit of the War Department, nor subject to its order. The Secretary leaves little of Mr. Beck.

Mr. Fernando Wood made an attack of the usual kind upon General Dyer, Chief of the Ordnance Department, to which the general replied in a letter so conclusive that Mr. Wood retracted his charges.

It is by the incessant reiteration of such charges that the campaign is conducted of any thing and any body to beat Grant.

PERSONAL.

Ex-Secretary Seward is steadily at work preparing for publication an account of his delightful traveling experiences last year. His ordinary way of life is thus described: He rises at seven in the morning, and his toilet preparations occupy him until about eight o'clock, when he breakfasts with the family, after which he takes a walk in the yard. At nine he repairs to his study, and dictates to an amanuensis for his forthcoming book. This is kept up until one P.M., broken by an occasional turn in the open air. Then lunch, after which a siesta until about three. A drive in the carriage ensues until six, when the good time of dinner arrives. He dines. Likes that. In the evening receives calls, has pleasant chat with family and friends, and at ten retires. Having a fine mansion and the desiderated opulence requisite to command every thing necessary for personal comfort, Mr. Seward is now so putting himself upon paper as to pass down nicely into history.

—The young men are coming on. Mr. Clarence W. Bowen, son of the editor of the *Independent*, has just taken the first prize in the Junior prize debate at Yale College. The question discussed was, "Is there danger of too much centralization of power in our government?"

—Archbishop Manning has recently issued to his clergy an edict forbidding the employment or admission of women as singers in church choirs. But Dr. Manning is medieval in the whole cast of his intellect and character. Yet he is a very lion in English society. His manners are exquisite, his smile is sweet, his face is that of an antique saint wasted by prayer and solitude, and he is an object of curiosity.

—Taking Justin M'Carthy as authority, Mr. Tom Hughes has been making a speech in behalf of Cuba that was any thing but a success. He is not an effective speaker. His voice is thin; his manner singularly feeble for a man whose temperament has so much vigor; he does not, as a speaker, show one single gleam of imagination or humor; he does not seem capable of striking out one solitary expression with any force, or marrow, or fire in it. Tom Hughes is undoubtedly a man of ability, but he is decidedly below even the poor average of parliamentary speaking. The whole display, therefore, was languid and ineffective.

—It is creditable to the personal manliness and political courage of the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, member of Congress from the Tenth (Westchester) District of this State, that he has taken an active part in favor of the Civil Service Reform bill, which has just been defeated in the House of Representatives. Although temporarily put aside, this wise measure is sure to reassert itself, and become a part, and most efficient part, of our system of government. It is to the honor of Mr. Potter that, rising above the petty behests of party, he has placed himself among those who have earnestly labored for this needed reform.

—Hiram Powers, the sculptor, has intimated to personal friends in Rome his intention to visit his early home in Vermont. Having secured fame and fortune, his heart turns to the scenes of his childhood, and Vermont, rather than the Vatican, is the yearning of his old age.

—India, resentful of the paltry five-thousand-dollar pension which England proposes to give Lady Mayo, has already subscribed $100,000 for a memorial to their deceased Governor-General.

—Mr. George W. Riggs, trustee of the Corcoran Art Gallery, has received from the Secretary of the Treasury the sum of $125,000, the amount awarded by the committee for the use of the building by the government during the rebellion. This sum will be expended in adorning the interior of the building, and for the purchase of statuary and paintings.

—Governor Gratz Brown, of Missouri, the Liberal Republican candidate for Vice-President, is a "blooded man" by descent. He is, by both his father and mother, descended from grandfather United States Senators—on the one side Senator Brown; on the other, Senator Bledsoe. He has the old Mason blood of New York State in him as well. He was educated at Yale College; has ripe accomplishments in books and in the big book of the busy Western world. He is married, and has a fine family; and he derives his name of B. Gratz Brown from one of that distinguished family of Philadelphia Gratzes, who were originally from Germany. Mr. Brown's aunt married a Mr. Benjamin Gratz, and he was named for his step-uncle. This is all that is notable. The grandfather Brown was United States Senator from Kentucky from 1793 to 1805, and during the first session of the Eighth Congress officiated as President *pro tem.* of that body. He was a warm supporter and personal friend of Jefferson through life. The grandfather Bledsoe was at one time a distinguished lawyer of Kentucky, and United States Senator from 1813 to 1815. He was also Professor of Law in the University of Transylvania, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kentucky. Mr. Brown was only thirty-seven when elected United States Senator from Missouri in 1863, and served four years.

—Quincy Tufts, who died recently in Boston, left $10,000 to Harvard College for the education of indigent students; $2000 to Amherst College and $2000 to Atkinson (New Hampshire) Academy for a like purpose; $10,000 to the town of Weymouth for a free library, lectures, etc.; $10,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital; and $40,000 to other charitable institutions.

—That Russian Count Mitkiewicz, who made so much noise among the people of Amherst, Massachusetts, last year, because he desired to marry Miss Lester, a niece of Professor Tyler, but was put off because the professor insisted upon seeing his papers, has at length returned with the requisite documents, and a few days ago promenaded to the hymeneal altar the object of his affections. The relatives elevated their noses, and declined to witness the spectacle. Mrs. Mitkiewicz, as she is now to be called, is pecunious, and can place *her* nose at the same angle toward her relatives, and thus even matters all around.

—The ex-Queen of Spain, Isabella, has been defeated in a lawsuit at Paris. She bought 161,000 francs' worth of jewelry, didn't and wouldn't pay, was sued, and demurred on the ground that she was privileged as a sovereign from answering any action. The court, however, failed to perceive it in that light, and decided accordingly.

—The Marquis of Bute (Mr. Stuart), who has just married the daughter of Lord Howard, is one of the wealthiest peers of England. He inherited a princely property, and, during his minority, the accumulations were very great. He owns four magnificent residences: Mount Stuart, romantically situated on the island of Bute; Cardiff Castle, built in the eleventh century wherein Robert, Duke of Normandy, died, after being a prisoner in it for twenty-eight years; Dumfries House, Ayr, and Loudoun Castle, Kilmarnock. The Bute docks at Cardiff, entirely his property, are sixty-five acres in area, and cost upward of $5,000,000. He also owns most of the island of Bute, and other landed property of great extent and value. The title of the Marquis of Bute gives him precedence of all but princes and dukes. The family motto is, *Avito vivit honore*—"He flourishes in an honorable ancestry." The Marquis, a firm Catholic, has at his disposal no less than twelve "livings" in the Church of England.

—The Duke of Wellington announces his intention to present to the Chicago Library a complete set of the "Wellington Dispatches," in twenty-three volumes. Lords Houghton and Lyttleton, Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, the Bishop of Exeter, the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Kingsley, and other Britons of high degree, have also announced that they propose to ditto.

—Victor Hugo and Thackeray were artists as well as poets. The former uses the pencil with rare power. He sketches the originality and fantastic suggestions of Doré. A collection of fifty of his best works is shortly to be given to the world in the form of an album.

—General Schenck has pleasant and notable people to see him at his house on Saturday evenings. He strikes the Briton as a plain, practical man, who knows thoroughly what he is about. His right arm was injured during the war, and in shaking hands he uses the left hand. An English journalist says: "If the general is not himself another Talleyrand, he is supported just now by very able men. Among all the visitors at the parties referred to the person of Mr. Evarts, the American lawyer, who is here to advise the American Commissioners in the *Alabama* difficulty, is, perhaps, the most striking. His features denote remarkable decision and power. When I first saw him I exclaimed to myself, 'Only to think of poor Earl —— in the hands of such a master as that!' Mr. Evarts would be a match, I think, for the ablest lawyer we have."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The President has approved the bill repealing the duties on tea and coffee after July 1. The bill was originally introduced into the House March 13, 1871, when it was passed under a suspension of the rules, by a vote of 139 to 49. It passed the Senate in an amended form on the 30th ult., and on May 1 the House concurred in the amendment. The Senate passed the Pacific Mail Subsidy bill, with slight amendments, May 3.

The Chevalier Baron d'Offenburg, an envoy extraordinary of the Emperor of Russia, was introduced to President Grant April 30.

Refugees of all classes from Mexico are crossing the border and harboring in Brownsville, Texas. The city is full of revolutionist sympathizers and deserters from both armies.

Governor Hoffman vetoed the new charter for New York city April 30. The motion to pass the bill over the veto was lost in the Assembly by a vote of 80 to 37. The bill providing for a new election law was also vetoed.

The Cincinnati Liberal Republican Convention met May 1, and on the 3d nominated Hon. Horace Greeley for President of the United States, and Hon. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, for Vice-President.

The reduction of the public debt during April was $12,500,000.

The Judiciary Committee of the New York Senate reported, May 1, in favor of the impeachment of Judge Cardozo and Judge George G. Barnard for high crimes and misdemeanors. Judge Cardozo sent in his resignation, and Judge Leonard was appointed in his place.

Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, was inaugurated May 1.

The Democratic State Convention of North Carolina met May 1, and nominated Hon. H. S. Merriman for Governor. The Republican State Conventions of Vermont and Louisiana met on the same day, and elected delegates to the Philadelphia Convention.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church opened its quadrennial session in the Brooklyn Academy of Music May 1. A memorable feature was the admission for the first time of lay delegates. The work will probably extend throughout the month, and may run into June.

Mlle. Nilsson, Madame Parepa-Rosa, and Mr. Santley sailed for Europe in the *Cuba* May 1.

The New York State Senate passed another new charter for this city May 3.

State Senator Jacob Hardenburgh, of New York, died April 29, aged forty-nine years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported from Madrid that the Pope has written a letter to Señor Zorilla on the subject of the relations between Spain and the Holy See, in which he says that if Spain desires to be reconciled to the mother Church the principle of religious liberty must be modified. Tolerance of public worship the Church will not object to, but the Roman Catholic religion must be restored to its former supremacy in the realm, the superintendence of the schools must be remitted to the priesthood, and civil marriages and the register of births must be abolished.

So grand a sight as the present aspect of Vesuvius has not been witnessed there for forty years. The eruption is accompanied by fearful electric phenomena. Lightning darts from the crater incessantly, and the thunder and rumbling of the earth are continuous and increasing in violence. The streets of Naples are covered with ashes and sand to the depth of two or three inches. The Bourse is closed and business suspended.

Letters from Syria giving full accounts of the earthquake at Antioch state that the loss of life in the city was only 300, while that of the surrounding country was 1600.

The revolution in Spain has ended in the defeat and flight of Don Carlos. The movement in his favor was largely instigated by the priests.

All business on the docks and in the warehouses of Liverpool is suspended in consequence of a strike of 2000 cartmen. More than 1000 laborers have been thrown out of employment by their action.

Of the prisoners who were convicted of participating in the massacre of hostages under the Commune, Gerton was shot at Satory April 30. Blanqui was sentenced to a life-long transportation.

The Pope gave audience to 3000 persons April 30. He made an address, in the course of which he stigmatized unbelief as the scourge of modern times.

The Emperor of Austria has reappointed Baron Kubeck embassador of Austria at the Vatican.

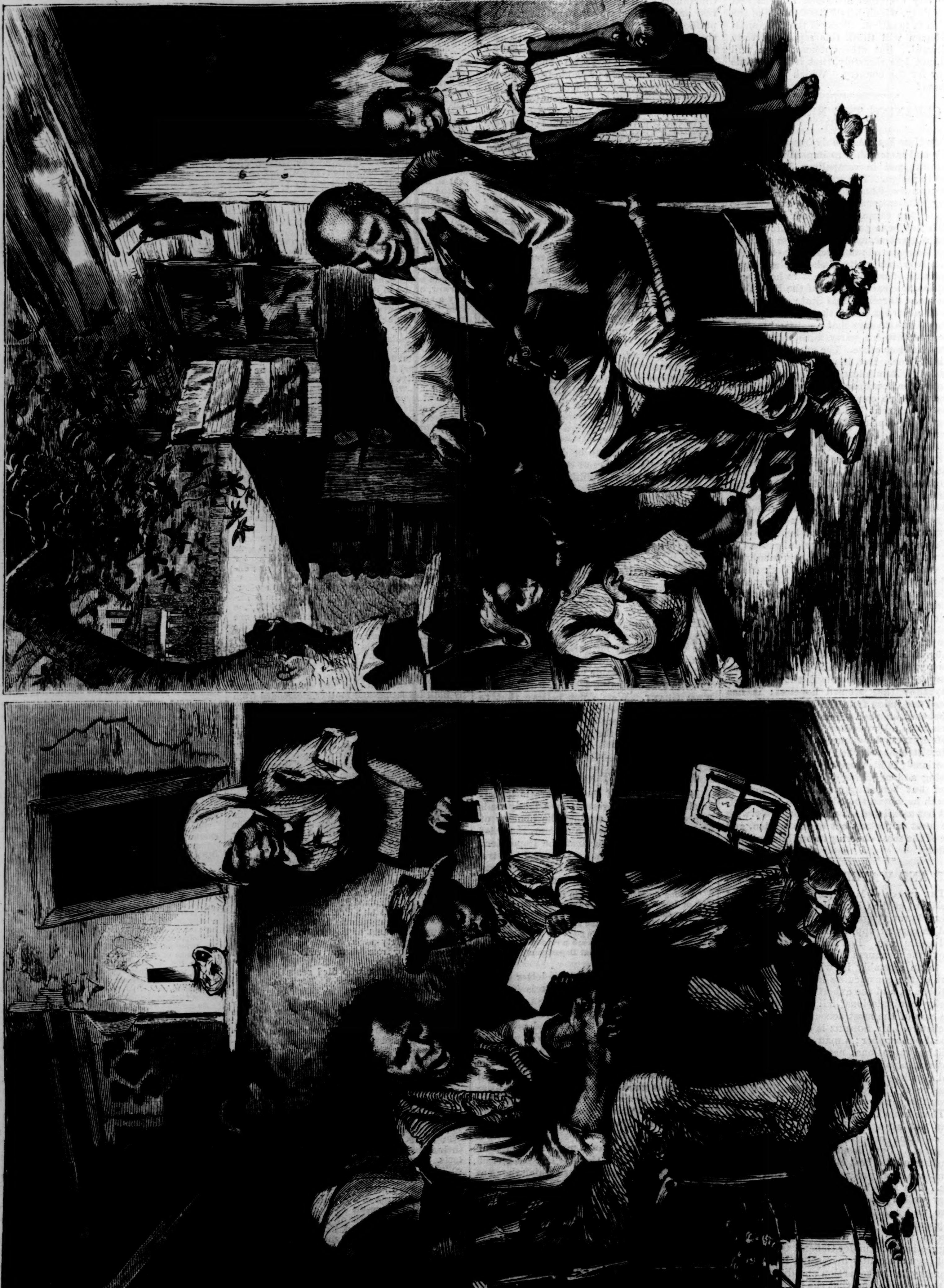
Bishop Fessier, the Secretary of the Œcumenical Council, is dead.

A thanksgiving festival for the restored health of the Prince of Wales was held at the Crystal Palace May 1.

Incensed by the report that the Jews of Smyrna in their religious rites had sacrificed an infant, the Greek citizens attacked them in the streets, and a desperate conflict ensued. Several persons were killed on both sides.

It is again reported that the renowned African traveler, Dr. Livingstone, is alive and well. He has been brought to light after all these years by the expedition sent out by the New York *Herald*.

The island of Zanzibar was visited with a terrific hurricane last month, damaging the town very badly and stranding 150 vessels on the coast. The total loss of property was nearly $10,000,000.



NEGRO LIFE IN THE SOUTH.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

AMONG THE EMBERS.

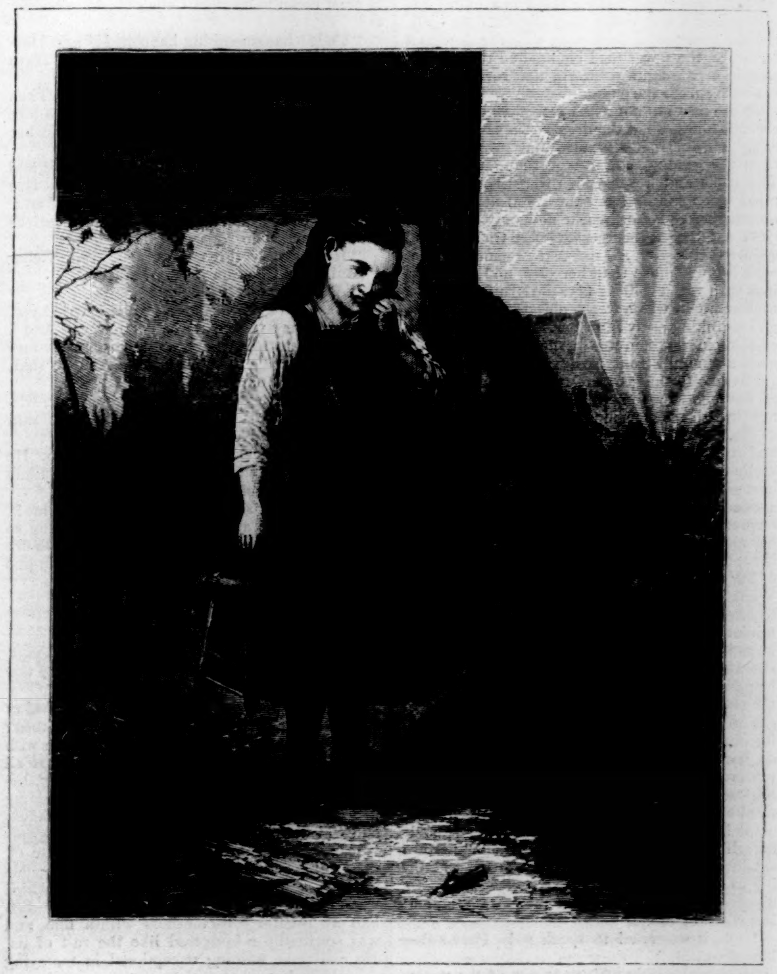
The original of the beautiful and touching picture of which we give an engraving on this page belongs to a fine collection of paintings now on exhibition in this city, at the Leavitt Art Rooms, contributed by the artists of Düsseldorf for the relief of the German sufferers by the Chicago fire. At the same rooms is an equally fine collection of paintings contributed by French artists of celebrity—among whom may be mentioned Meissonnier, Cabanel, Jules Breton, Jalabert, and Bouguereau. Nearly all these paintings are new, and many were painted for the occasion; and though some are slight in subject and hasty in execution, none of them are trifling. Indeed, some of the most hasty and dashy in style are among the most striking and effective compositions in the collection. The French paintings are to be sold for the relief of all classes of sufferers by the fire, without regard to nationality.

It is surely unnecessary to speak in detail of Carl Hübner's beautiful composition, which tells so plainly the story of the house in ashes and the plaintive sorrow of the little girl, who forgets for the moment every other bereavement as she looks down on her dead pet. The foreign costume is not an anachronism. Before the fire many such might be seen in the German quarters of Chicago.

LUTHER'S BETROTHAL.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

In June, 1525, one of the most remarkable weddings of all ages took place at Wittenberg. Amidst the horror, the execrations, or the doubts of his contemporaries, a monk was married to a nun. Martin Luther, in the dawn of his vigorous career, the leader of a reformation, had resolved to marry Katharina von Bora, and the ceremony was performed at the house of his friend Riechenbach by one of the chief clergymen of the city. Few spectators witnessed the scene. His friend, the painter Louis Cranach, and perhaps Justus Jonas, the lawyer, Dr. Apel, and one or two more may have assisted; but the bride and groom no doubt felt the solemn meaning of their act, and sought first the approval of Him by whom they trusted they had been released from their rash and impious vows. Two weeks afterward a wedding-feast was celebrated. The city magistrates of Wittenberg provided rare and costly wine; the university sent a rich gilded cup; Pirkheimer furnished the wedding-rings, adorned by the rare taste of Albert Dürer. Luther's ring was set with a diamond and a ruby, the emblems of faith and love, and upon it was inscribed, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Katharina's was a ruby, and was richly chased with Scriptural designs; and the newly married monk and nun seem to have received a bountiful profusion of wedding gifts from their faithful friends.

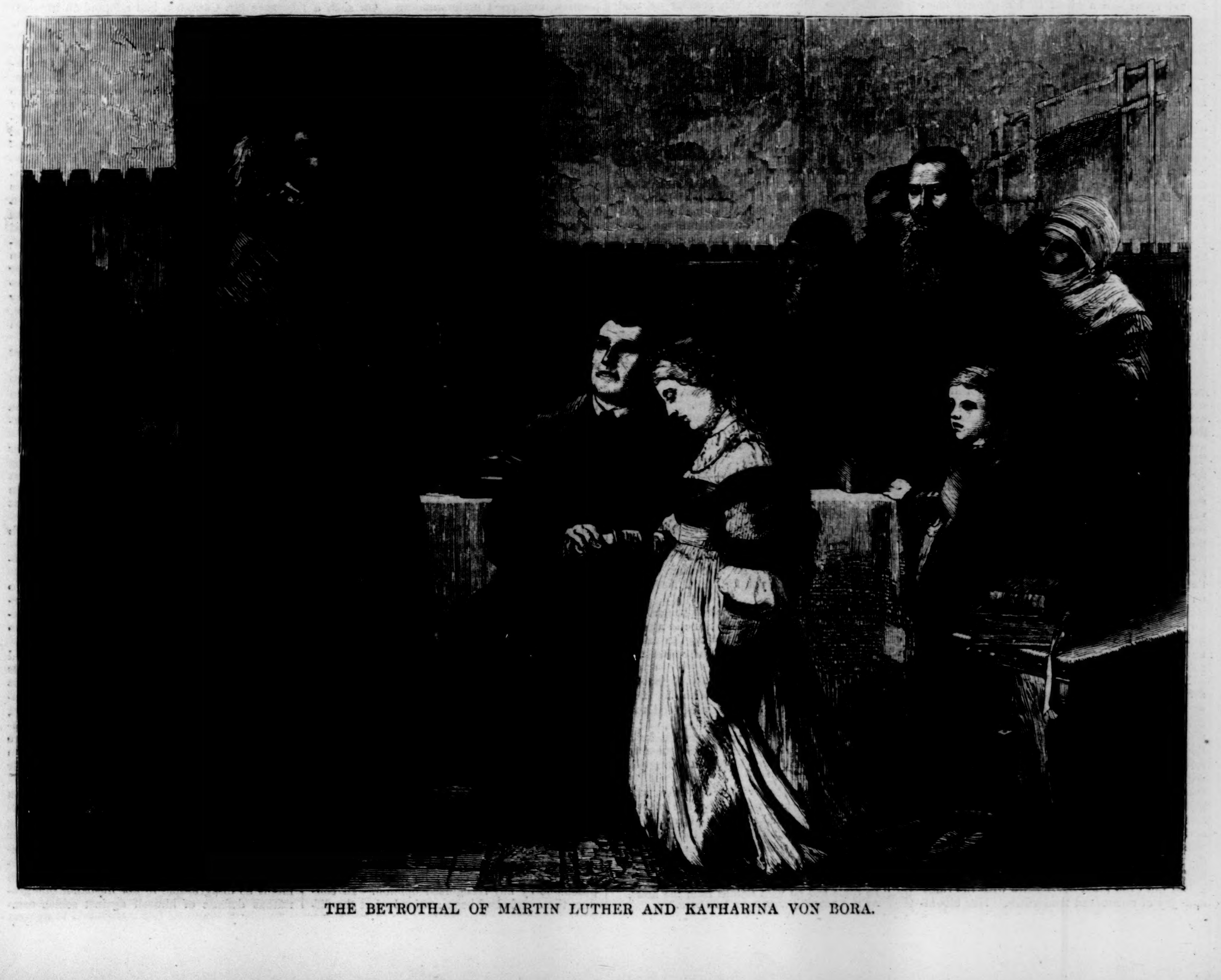


AMONG THE EMBERS.—[From the Painting by Carl Hübner.]

Luther was now one of the most eminent men of his time, and the news of his marriage was heard with surprise by many of his followers, and with shouts of ridicule and detestation by his foes. Yet as a faithful husband, a tender father, the example of domestic virtue as well as of public reform, he gave a new impulse to the minds of his contemporaries. His wife, Katharina von Bora, the child of noble but impoverished parents, had been sent at twenty-two years of age to a nunnery. Weary of her enforced vows, two years afterward she escaped with several of her companions, and at twenty-four was married to the bold reformer. If not beautiful, she was fair and ruddy, her figure stout, her hair fine, her features not unattractive; her temper seems not always to have been amiable, yet she was proud of her husband's rare attainments, and ruled with success their frugal household. Luther calls her his empress, his Lady Katharina, his dear wife; and remembered, he relates, that the good dame Ursula, of Eisenach, had said to him, "Nothing on this earth is of such priceless value as a woman's love." "Katharina," he wrote, "you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress: thank God for it." The peaceful household passed through the usual cares and joys of domestic life, as if unconscious of the countless foes that watched it with malevolent eyes. When his daughter Magdalene died, the fond nature of the great reformer, in the midst of his arduous labors, was pierced with inconsolable grief. "At the bottom of my soul," he cries, "are engraved her looks, her words, her gestures." Over his surviving children he rejoiced with the deep joy of a father, and saw them grow up intelligent, healthful, and virtuous, in spite of the maledictions of his enemies and the evil prognostications of monks and priests.

To discourage marriage had been the fatal tendency of the Roman Church; monasteries and nunneries supplied the place of happy homes and rising families; the progress of nations was checked; swarms of begging monks and idle priests consumed the profits of the industrious, and covered Europe with mental and moral decay. But the vigorous intellect of Luther saved the human race from the malarious blight of Italian superstition. He once more declared marriage honorable; he shook off with contempt every obstacle that impeded the most sacred of human relations; he drove the idle monks from the monasteries and the nuns from the convents; and with that wonderful resolution by which his strong and self-reliant spirit seemed to conquer the idle terrors that ruled all other men, in the face of the execrations of the papal faction and the horror of the superstitious, was the devoted husband of the nun Katharina von Bora. It is impossible to trace all the secret impulses of his generous and tender nature; but it is quite probable that he designed in his marriage to offer to the world the most powerful protest he could give against the Romish doctrine of celibacy, and to rescue from hopeless submission to the fatal rules of Benedict or Dominic the countless throngs who had taken an impious vow.

At first, indeed, Luther seems himself to have



THE BETROTHAL OF MARTIN LUTHER AND KATHARINA VON BORA.

believed that in the great labors and dangers that lay before him he, too, must remain unmarried. To a friend who in 1524 pressed him to marry he replied: "As my heart now is, certainly I shall not take a wife. Not that I am destitute of feeling, but that my spirit can not dwell on marriage when I daily look for death, and may be condemned as a heretic. I must give myself to God's work." It is plain that he had not yet formed that attachment for which he was afterward so bitterly reviled by his papal foes; and of the ties that bound him to KATHARINA one may have been a desire to shock and to destroy the most fatal of the Romish superstitions. He taught the sanctity of home, the purity and peace of domestic life, the holiness and the honors of the married state in contrast with the fatal influence of Romish celibacy upon the moral welfare of mankind. All Protestant Germany imitated his example, and from the happy homes founded by the great reformer has come forth that teeming population, intelligent, industrious, that today holds the control of Europe, and occupies the distant fields of Texas and Minnesota.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book III.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"*1st Gent.* All times are good to seek your wedded home,
Bringing a mutual delight.
2d Gent. Why, true.
The calendar hath not an evil day
For souls made one by love, and even death
Were sweetness, if it came like rolling waves
While they two clasped each other, and foresaw
No life apart."

MR. and Mrs. Casaubon, returning from their wedding journey, arrived at Lowick Manor in the middle of January. A light snow was falling as they descended at the door, and in the morning when Dorothea passed from her dressing-room into the blue-green boudoir that we know of she saw the long avenue of limes lifting their trunks from a white earth, and spreading white branches against the dun and motionless sky. The distant flat shrank in uniform whiteness and low-hanging uniformity of cloud. The very furniture in the room seemed to have shrunk since she saw it before: the stag in the tapestry looked more like a ghost in his ghostly blue-green world; the volumes of polite literature in the book-case looked more like immovable imitations of books. The bright fire of dry oak boughs burning on the dogs seemed an incongruous renewal of life and glow—like the figure of Dorothea herself as she entered carrying the red-leather cases containing the cameos for Celia.

She was glowing from her morning toilet as only healthful youth can glow: there was gem-like brightness on her coiled hair and in her hazel eyes; there was warm red life in her lips; her throat had a breathing whiteness above the differing white of the fur which itself seemed to wind about her neck and cling down her blue-gray pelisse with a tenderness gathered from her own, a sentient commingled innocence which kept its loveliness against the crystalline purity of the out-door snow. As she laid the cameo-cases on the table in the bow-window she unconsciously kept her hands on them, immediately absorbed in looking out on the still, white inclosure which made her visible world.

Mr. Casaubon, who had risen early complaining of palpitation, was in the library giving audience to his curate, Mr. Tucker. By-and-by Celia would come in her quality of bride-maid as well as sister, and through the next weeks there would be wedding visits received and given; all in continuance of that transitional life understood to correspond with the excitement of bridal felicity, and keeping up the sense of busy ineffectiveness, as of a dream which the dreamer begins to suspect. The duties of her married life, contemplated as so great beforehand, seemed to be shrinking with the furniture and the white vapor-walled landscape. The clear heights where she expected to walk in full communion had become difficult to see even in her imagination; the delicious repose of the soul on a complete superior had been shaken into uneasy effort and alarmed with dim presentiment. When would the days begin of that active wifely devotion which was to strengthen her husband's life and exalt her own? Never, perhaps, as she had preconceived them; but somehow—still somehow. In this solemnly pledged union of her life duty would present itself in some new form of inspiration, and give a new meaning to wifely love.

Meanwhile there was the snow and the low arch of dun vapor—there was the stifling oppression of that gentlewoman's world, where every thing was done for her and none asked for her aid—where the sense of connection with a manifold pregnant existence had to be kept up painfully as an inward vision, instead of coming from without in claims that would have shaped her energies. "What shall I do?" "Whatever you please, my dear:" that had been her brief history since she had left off learning morning lessons and practicing silly rhythms on the hated piano. Marriage, which was to bring guidance into worthy and imperative occupation, had not yet freed her from the gentlewoman's oppressive liberty: it had not even filled her leisure with the ruminant joy of unchecked tenderness. Her blooming full-pulsed youth stood there in a moral imprisonment which made itself one with the chill, colorless, narrowed landscape, with the shrunken furniture, the never-read books, and the ghostly stag in a pale fantastic world that seemed to be vanishing from the daylight.

In the first minute when Dorothea looked out she felt nothing but the dreary oppression; then came a keen remembrance, and turning away from the window, she walked round the room. The ideas and hopes which were living in her mind when she first saw the room nearly three months before were present now only as memories: she judged them as we judge transient and departed things. All existence seemed to beat with a lower pulse than her own, and her religious faith was a solitary cry, the struggle out of a nightmare in which every object was withering and shrinking away from her. Each remembered thing in the room was disenchanted, was deadened as an unlit transparency, till her wandering gaze came to the group of miniatures, and there at last she saw something which had gathered new breath and meaning: it was the miniature of Mr. Casaubon's aunt Julia, who had made the unfortunate marriage—of Will Ladislaw's grandmother. Dorothea could fancy that it was alive now—the delicate woman's face which yet had a headstrong look, a peculiarity difficult to interpret. Was it only her friends who thought her marriage unfortunate? or did she herself find it out to be a mistake, and taste the salt bitterness of her tears in the merciful silence of the night? What breadths of experience Dorothea seemed to have passed over since she first looked at this miniature! She felt a new companionship with it, as if it had an ear for her and could see how she was looking at it. Here was a woman who had known some difficulty about marriage. Nay, the colors deepened, the lips and chin seemed to get larger, the hair and eyes seemed to be sending out light, the face was masculine and beamed on her with that full gaze which tells her on whom it falls that she is too interesting for the slightest movement of her eyelid to pass unnoticed and uninterpreted. The vivid presentation came like a pleasant glow to Dorothea: she felt herself smiling, and turning from the miniature sat down and looked up as if she were again talking to a figure in front of her. But the smile disappeared as she went on meditating, and at last she said, aloud,

"Oh, it was cruel to speak so! How sad—how dreadful!"

She rose quickly and went out of the room, hurrying along the corridor, with the irresistible impulse to go and see her husband and inquire if she could do any thing for him. Perhaps Mr. Tucker was gone and Mr. Casaubon was alone in the library. She felt as if all her morning's gloom would vanish if she could see her husband glad because of her presence.

But when she reached the head of the dark oak staircase, there was Celia coming up, and below there was Mr. Brooke, exchanging welcomes and congratulations with Mr. Casaubon.

"Dodo!" said Celia, in her quiet staccato; then kissed her sister, whose arms encircled her, and said no more. I think they both cried a little in a furtive manner, while Dorothea ran down stairs to greet her uncle.

"I need not ask how you are, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, after kissing her forehead. "Rome has agreed with you, I see—happiness, frescoes, the antique—that sort of thing. Well, it's very pleasant to have you back again, and you understand all about art now, eh? But Casaubon is a little pale, I tell him—a little pale, you know. Studying hard in his holidays is carrying it rather too far. I overdid it at one time"—Mr. Brooke still held Dorothea's hand, but had turned his face to Mr. Casaubon—"about topography, ruins, temples—I thought I had a clew, but I saw it would carry me too far, and nothing might have come of it. You may go any length in that sort of thing, and nothing may come of it, you know."

Dorothea's eyes also were turned up to her husband's face with some anxiety at the idea that those who saw him afresh after absence might be aware of signs which she had not noticed.

"Nothing to alarm you, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, observing her expression. "A little English beef and mutton will soon make a difference. It was all very well to look pale, sitting for the portrait of Aquinas, you know—we got your letter just in time. But Aquinas, now—he was a little too subtle, wasn't he? Does any body read Aquinas?"

"He is not indeed an author adapted to superficial minds," said Mr. Casaubon, meeting these timely questions with dignified patience.

"You would like coffee in your own room, uncle?" said Dorothea, coming to the rescue.

"Yes; and you must go to Celia: she has great news to tell you, you know. I leave it all to her."

The blue-green boudoir looked much more cheerful when Celia was seated there in a pelisse exactly like her sister's, surveying the cameos with a placid satisfaction, while the conversation passed on to other topics.

"Do you think it nice to go to Rome on a wedding journey?" said Celia, with her ready delicate blush which Dorothea was used to on the smallest occasions.

"It would not suit all—not you, dear, for example," said Dorothea, quietly. No one would ever know what she thought of a wedding journey to Rome.

"Mrs. Cadwallader says it is nonsense, people going a long journey when they are married. She says they get tired to death of each other, and can't quarrel comfortably, as they would at home. And Lady Chettam says she went to Bath." Celia's color changed again and again—seemed

"To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been."

It must mean more than Celia's blushing usually did.

"Celia! has something happened?" said Dorothea, in a tone full of sisterly feeling. "Have you really any good news to tell me?"

"It was because you went away, Dodo. Then there was nobody but me for Sir James to talk to," said Celia, with a certain roguishness in her eyes.

"I understand. It is as I used to hope and believe," said Dorothea, taking her sister's face between her hands, and looking at her half anxiously. Celia's marriage seemed more serious than it used to do.

"It was only three days ago," said Celia. "And Lady Chettam is very kind."

"And you are very happy?"

"Yes. We are not going to be married yet. Because every thing is to be got ready. And I don't want to be married so very soon, because I think it is nice to be engaged. And we shall be married all our lives after."

"I do believe you could not marry better, Kitty. Sir James is a good, honorable man," said Dorothea, warmly.

"He has gone on with the cottages, Dodo. He will tell you about them when he comes. Shall you be glad to see him?"

"Of course I shall. How can you ask me?"

"Only I was afraid you would be getting so learned," said Celia, regarding Mr. Casaubon's learning as a kind of damp which might in due time saturate a neighboring body.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort."—GOLDSMITH.

ONE morning, some weeks after her arrival at Lowick, Dorothea—but why always Dorothea? Was her point of view the only possible one with regard to this marriage? I protest against all our interest, all our effort at understanding, being given to the young skins that look blooming in spite of trouble; for these too will get faded, and will know the older and more eating griefs which we are helping to neglect. In spite of the blinking eyes and white moles objectionable to Celia, and the want of muscular curve which was morally painful to Sir James, Mr. Casaubon had an intense consciousness within him, and was spiritually a-hungered like the rest of us. He had done nothing exceptional in marrying—nothing but what society sanctions, and considers an occasion for wreaths and bouquets. It had occurred to him that he must not any longer defer his intention of matrimony, and he had reflected that in taking a wife a man of good position should expect and carefully choose a blooming young lady—the younger the better, because more educable and submissive—of a rank equal to his own, of religious principles, virtuous disposition, and good understanding. On such a young lady he would make handsome settlements, and he would neglect no arrangement for her happiness: in return, he should receive family pleasures, and leave behind him that copy of himself which seemed so urgently required of a man—to the sonneteers of the sixteenth century. Times had altered since then, and no sonneteer had insisted on Mr. Casaubon's leaving a copy of himself; moreover, he had not yet succeeded in issuing copies of his mythological key; but he had always intended to acquit himself by marriage, and the sense that he was fast leaving the years behind him, that the world was getting dimmer, and that he felt lonely, was a reason to him for losing no more time in overtaking domestic delights before they too were left behind by the years.

And when he had seen Dorothea he believed that he had found even more than he demanded: she might really be such a helpmate to him as would enable him to dispense with a hired secretary, an aid which Mr. Casaubon had never yet employed, and had a suspicious dread of. (Mr. Casaubon was nervously conscious that he was expected to manifest a powerful mind.) Providence, in its kindness, had supplied him with the wife he needed. A wife, a modest young lady, with the purely appreciative, unambitious abilities of her sex, is sure to think her husband's mind powerful. Whether Providence had taken equal care of Miss Brooke in presenting her with Mr. Casaubon was an idea which could hardly occur to him. Society never made the preposterous demand that a man should think as much about his own qualifications for making a charming girl happy as he thinks of hers for making himself happy. As if a man could choose not only his wife but his wife's husband! Or as if he were bound to provide charms for his posterity in his own person! When Dorothea accepted him with effusion, that was only natural; and Mr. Casaubon believed that his happiness was going to begin.

He had not had much foretaste of happiness in his previous life. To know intense joy without a strong bodily frame one must have an enthusiastic soul. Mr. Casaubon had never had a strong bodily frame, and his soul was sensitive without being enthusiastic: it was too languid to thrill out of self-consciousness into passionate delight; it went on fluttering in the swampy ground where it was hatched, thinking of its wings and never flying. His experience was of that pitiable kind which shrinks from pity, and fears most of all that it should be known: it was that proud, narrow sensitiveness which has not mass enough to spare for transformation into sympathy, and quivers thread-like in small currents of self-preoccupation, or at best of an egoistic scrupulosity. And Mr. Casaubon had many scruples: he was capable of a severe self-restraint; he was resolute in being a man of honor, according to the code; he would be unimpeachable by any recognized opinion. In conduct these ends had been attained; but the difficulty of making his Key to all Mythologies unimpeachable weighed like lead upon his mind; and the pamphlets—or "Parerga," as he called them—by which he tested his public and deposited small monumental records of his march, were far from having been seen in all their significance. He suspected the Archdeacon of not having read them; he was in painful doubt as to what was really thought of them by the leading minds of Brasenose, and bitterly convinced that his old acquaintance Carp had been the writer of that depreciatory recension which was kept locked in a small drawer of Mr. Casaubon's desk, and also in a dark closet of his verbal memory. These were heavy impressions to struggle against, and brought that melancholy imbitterment which is the consequence of all excessive claim: even his religious faith wavered with his wavering trust in his own authorship, and the consolations of the Christian hope in immortality seemed to lean on the immortality of the still unwritten Key to all Mythologies. For my part I am very sorry for him. It is an uneasy lot at best to be what we call highly taught and yet not to enjoy: to be present at this great spectacle of life and never to be liberated from a small hungry shivering self—never to be fully possessed by the glory we behold, never to have our consciousness rapturously transformed into the vividness of a thought, the ardor of a passion, the energy of an action, but always to be scholarly and uninspired, ambitious and timid, scrupulous and dim-sighted. Becoming a dean or even a bishop would make little difference, I fear, to Mr. Casaubon's uneasiness. Doubtless some ancient Greek has observed that behind the big mask and the speaking-trumpet there must always be our poor little eyes peeping as usual, and our timorous lips more or less under anxious control.

To this mental estate mapped out a quarter of a century before, to sensibilities thus fenced in, Mr. Casaubon had thought of annexing happiness with a lovely young bride; but even before marriage, as we have seen, he found himself under a new depression in the consciousness that the new bliss was not blissful to him. Inclination yearned back to its old, easier custom. And the deeper he went in domesticity the more did the sense of acquitting himself and acting with propriety predominate over any other satisfaction. Marriage, like religion and erudition, nay, like authorship itself, was fated to become an outward requirement, and Edward Casaubon was bent on fulfilling unimpeachably all requirements. Even drawing Dorothea into use in his study, according to his own intention before marriage, was an effort which he was always tempted to defer, and but for her pleading insistance it might never have begun. But she had succeeded in making it a matter of course that she should take her place at an early hour in the library and have work either of reading aloud or copying assigned her. The work had been easier to define because Mr. Casaubon had adopted an immediate intention: there was to be a new Parergon, a small monograph on some lately traced indications concerning the Egyptian mysteries whereby certain assertions of Warburton's could be corrected. References were extensive even here, but not altogether shoreless; and sentences were actually to be written in the shape wherein they would be scanned by Brasenose and a less formidable posterity. These minor monumental productions were always exciting to Mr. Casaubon; digestion was made difficult by the interference of citations, or by the rivalry of dialectical phrases ringing against each other in his brain. And from the first there was to be a Latin dedication, about which every thing was uncertain except that it was not to be addressed to Carp: it was a poisonous regret to Mr. Casaubon that he had once addressed a dedication to Carp, in which he had numbered that member of the animal kingdom among the *viros nulli ævo perituros*, a mistake which would infallibly lay the dedicator open to ridicule in the next age, and might even be chuckled over by Pike and Tench in the present.

Thus Mr. Casaubon was in one of his busiest epochs, and as I began to say, a little while ago, Dorothea joined him early in the library, where he had breakfasted alone. Celia at this time was on a second visit to Lowick, probably the last before her marriage, and was in the drawing-room expecting Sir James.

Dorothea had learned to read the signs of her husband's mood, and she saw that the morning had become more foggy there during the last hour. She was going silently to her desk when he said, in that distant tone which implied that he was discharging a disagreeable duty,

"Dorothea, here is a letter for you, which was inclosed in one addressed to me."

It was a letter of two pages, and she immediately looked at the signature.

"Mr. Ladislaw! What can he have to say to me?" she exclaimed, in a tone of pleased surprise. "But," she added, looking at Mr. Casaubon, "I can imagine what he has written to you about."

"You can, if you please, read the letter," said Mr. Casaubon, severely pointing to it with his pen, and not looking at her. "But I may as well say beforehand, that I must decline the proposal it contains to pay a visit here. I trust I may be excused for desiring an interval of complete freedom from such distractions as have been hitherto inevitable, and especially from guests whose desultory vivacity makes their presence a fatigue."

There had been no clashing of temper between Dorothea and her husband since that little explosion in Rome, which had left such strong traces in her mind that it had been easier ever since to quell emotion than to incur the consequence of venting it. But this ill-tempered anticipation that she could desire visits which might be disagreeable to her husband, this gratuitous defense of himself against selfish complaint on her part, was too sharp a sting to be meditated on until after it had been resented. Dorothea had thought that she could have been patient with John Milton, but she had never imagined him behaving in this way; and for a moment Mr. Casaubon seemed to be stupidly undiscerning and odiously unjust. Pity, that newborn babe which was by-and-by to rule many a storm within her, did not "stride the blast" on this occasion. With her first words, uttered in a tone that shook him, she startled Mr. Casaubon into looking at her, and meeting the flash of her eyes.

"Why do you attribute to me a wish for any thing that would annoy you? You speak to me as if I were something you had to contend against. Wait at least till I appear to consult my own pleasure apart from yours."

"Dorothea, you are hasty," answered Mr. Casaubon, nervously.

Decidedly this woman was too young to be on the formidable level of wifehood—unless she had been pale and featureless, and taken every thing for granted.

"I think it was you who were first hasty in your false suppositions about my feeling," said Dorothea, in the same tone. The fire was not dissipated yet, and she thought it was ignoble in her husband not to apologize to her.

"We will, if you please, say no more on this subject, Dorothea. I have neither leisure nor energy for this kind of debate."

Here Mr. Casaubon dipped his pen and made as if he would return to his writing, though his hand trembled so much that the words seemed to be written in an unknown character. There are answers which, in turning away wrath, only send it to the other end of the room; and to have a discussion coolly waived when you feel that justice is all on your own side is even more exasperating in marriage than in philosophy.

Dorothea left Ladislaw's two letters unread on her husband's writing-table and went to her own place, the scorn and indignation within her rejecting the reading of these letters, just as we hurl away any trash toward which we seem to have been suspected of mean cupidity. She did not in the least divine the subtle sources of her husband's bad temper about these letters; she only knew that they had caused him to offend her. She began to work at once, and her hand did not tremble; on the contrary, in writing out the quotations which had been given to her the day before, she felt that she was forming her letters beautifully, and it seemed to her that she saw the construction of the Latin she was copying, and which she was beginning to understand, more clearly than usual. In her indignation there was a sense of superiority, but it went out for the present in firmness of stroke, and did not compress itself into an inward articulate voice pronouncing the once affable archangel a poor creature.

There had been this apparent quiet for half an hour, and Dorothea had not looked away from her own table, when she heard the loud bang of a book on the floor, and turning quickly saw Mr. Casaubon on the library steps clinging forward as if he were in some bodily distress. She started up and bounded toward him in an instant: he was evidently in great straits for breath. Jumping on a stool, she got close to his elbow, and said, with her whole soul melted into tender alarm,

"Can you lean on me, dear?"

He was still for two or three minutes, which seemed endless to her, unable to speak or move, gasping for breath. When at last he descended the three steps and fell backward in the large chair which Dorothea had drawn close to the foot of the ladder, he no longer gasped, but seemed helpless and about to faint. Dorothea rang the bell violently, and presently Mr. Casaubon was helped to the couch; he did not faint, and was gradually reviving when Sir James Chettam came in, having been met in the hall with the news that Mr. Casaubon had "had a fit in the library."

"Good God! this is just what might have been expected," was his immediate thought. If his prophetic soul had been urged to particularize, it seemed to him that "fits" would have been the definite expression alighted upon. He asked his informant, the butler, whether the doctor had been sent for. The butler never knew his master to want the doctor before; but would it not be right to send for a physician?

When Sir James entered the library, however, Mr. Casaubon could make some signs of his usual politeness, and Dorothea—who, in the reaction from her first terror, had been kneeling and sobbing by his side—now rose, and herself proposed that some one should ride off for a medical man.

"I recommend you to send for Lydgate," said Sir James. "My mother has called him in, and she has found him uncommonly clever. She has had a poor opinion of the physicians since my father's death."

Dorothea appealed to her husband, and he made a silent sign of approval. So Mr. Lydgate was sent for, and he came wonderfully soon, for the messenger, who was Sir James Chettam's man and knew Mr. Lydgate, met him leading his horse along the Lowick road and giving his arm to Miss Vincy.

Celia, in the drawing-room, had known nothing of the trouble till Sir James told her of it. After Dorothea's account he no longer considered the illness a fit, but still something "of that nature."

"Poor dear Dodo—how dreadful!" said Celia, feeling as much grieved as her own perfect happiness would allow. Her little hands were clasped, and inclosed by Sir James's as a bud is infolded by a liberal calyx. "It is very shocking that Mr. Casaubon should be ill; but I never did like him. And I think he is not half fond enough of Dorothea; and he ought to be, for I am sure no one else would have had him—do you think they would?"

"I always thought it a horrible sacrifice of your sister," said Sir James.

"Yes. But poor Dodo never did do what other people do, and I think she never will."

"She is a noble creature," said the loyal-hearted Sir James. He had just had a fresh impression of this kind, as he had seen Dorothea stretching her tender arm under her husband's neck and looking at him with unspeakable sorrow. He did not know how much penitence there was in the sorrow.

"Yes," said Celia, thinking it was very well for Sir James to say so, but *he* would not have been comfortable with Dodo. "Shall I go to her? Could I help her, do you think?"

"I think it would be well for you just to go and see her before Lydgate comes," said Sir James, magnanimously. "Only don't stay long."

While Celia was gone he walked up and down, remembering what he had originally felt about Dorothea's engagement, and feeling a revival of his disgust at Mr. Brooke's indifference. If Cadwallader, if every one else, had regarded the affair as he, Sir James, had done, the marriage might have been hindered. It was wicked to let a young girl blindly decide her fate in that way, without any effort to save her. Sir James had long ceased to have any regrets on his own account; his heart was satisfied with his engagement to Celia. But he had a chivalrous nature (was not the disinterested service of woman among the ideal glories of old chivalry?): his disregarded love had not turned to bitterness; its death had made sweet odors, floating memories, that clung with a consecrating effect to Dorothea. He could remain her brotherly friend, interpreting her actions with generous trustfulness.

NEGRO LIFE AT THE SOUTH.

Mr. Sheppard's admirable sketches on page 388 exhibit two characteristic phases of negro life in the Southern States. In one there is the slave, apparently the property of a kind-hearted wealthy planter, whose mansion looms up in the distance. The day's work is over, the wife is preparing supper, and the old man sits down to cheer himself and the children a few minutes with some lively scraping on the fiddle. None of them appear to take any thought of the future or any interest in any thing but the music, with a thought, perhaps, on the coming supper.

The other sketch shows the effect of emancipation on the negro. He becomes another character; he wants to learn; his children go to school; and when the day's work is over they read the paper to him. In short, he has changed from a slave to a man.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

The following anecdote exhibits a late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that ever was effected by wit and presence of mind. Some years ago there was a celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg named Martinoff. He had the most extraordinary powers of imitation, and was so great a favorite with the public as to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to his players, "to speak no more than is set down for them." The emperor had a high chamberlain, or a person filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff, while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were very warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, as soon as the play was over the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not content with this, Poloffsky either told the emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of his imperial majesty. On his liberation Martinoff went to court to pay his respects, as usual, and the emperor told him of the accusation, which he denied. "Well," said the emperor, "if you ever did so, let me have an imitation of myself now. We know you can do it if you choose." This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for either falling short of or overdoing the character. But the autocrat was determined, and there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck Martinoff, and drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the emperor, and in a voice so like that it made every one present start, he said, "Poloffsky, give Martinoff a thousand silver rubles." "Stop!" said the emperor; "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive. Give him the rubles, Poloffsky: and now mind, Sir, let this be the last time you mimic me here or elsewhere." It is, of course, unnecessary to say that Martinoff, who had expected nothing less than a journey to Siberia, was too glad to pocket the money and escape so easily.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Those of our readers who could repeat the names of the planets when there were but four known between Mars and Jupiter (Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas) will regret, for the sake of their unfortunate children, that no less than one hundred and twenty of this group of the so-called asteroids are now on record. Three of these have been very recently discovered, viz., No. 118, on the 15th of March, by Dr. R. Luther, at Bilk, near Düsseldorf; No. 119, on the 3d of April, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, by Professor J. C. Watson; and No. 120, on the 17th of April, by Dr. Peters, of Hamilton. No. 118 has been called Peitho; the names of the others have not yet been announced.

The question of the occurrence of salmon in Australia still seems to lack the evidence of actual capture, although large numbers of fish have been seen in the Derwent and other rivers which, by their movements, could scarcely be assigned to any other species. Mr. Yaul, however, in a communication to *Land and Water*, remarks that the eggs of the brown trout (*Salmo fario*), placed by him in the Derwent, have produced thousands of fish, and that they are now frequently taken weighing from three to five pounds each. He adds that both salmon and salmon-trout (*S. salar* and *S. trutta*) have bred in the ponds in fresh-water, never having a chance to migrate to the sea, and that they have suffered no inconvenience from this restriction.

A Russian priest stationed at Pekin, the Archimandrite Palladius, has made an exploration to Mantchooria, under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Russia, and obtained much information in regard to this little-known country, bearing both upon its geography and natural history. He informs us that Chinese immigrants have nearly superseded the original inhabitants of Tartary and Mantchooria, becoming agriculturists, bankers, and merchants, and speaking all the languages except Mantchoo. Monkden, one of the principal towns, is the centre of a large Russian and Chinese trade, consisting mainly in furs, ginseng, and nephrite (a precious gem). Coal is found near this town and used as fuel. The agricultural products are principally pease and beans, and they are endeavoring to establish the cultivation of opium.

Mantchooria embraces three provinces, with a total area of 400,000 square miles, and a population of about 15,000,000, three-fourths of whom are Chinese. There are no roads, and the country is impassable during the greater part of the year, excepting in the winter, when alone it is possible to go to market.

The explorations about Jerusalem are bringing to light a number of interesting objects; among them a fragment of a basaltic slab with Phœnician letters upon it, and another containing two large Phœnician inscriptions. A portion of this exploration is in charge of Rev. H. B. Tristram, a gentleman well known both in Europe and the United States as an ornithologist and traveler of great eminence. This gentleman, with some companions, was recently taken prisoner by the Arabs, and some £600 demanded and obtained for their release.

The second report of the geological survey of Indiana, made during the year 1870, under the direction of E. T. Cox, State Geologist, has just made its appearance, and, like its predecessor, appears to be a work of much scientific value. In addition to the series of reports upon the geology of the counties, it embraces a paper upon the Western coal measures and Indiana coal, and a paper upon paleozoic zoology, and closes with an extended manual of the botany of Jefferson County, Indiana, prepared by Professor A. H. Young, of Hanover College. In this the total number of indigenous species is given at 537, those introduced numbering 72.

According to an article in *Land and Water*, the European smelt, so closely allied to our own, is found abundantly in the mouths of the rivers of Holland about August, meeting then the descending fry; and after spending the winter there, it spawns in the following spring. It is, however, stated that smelts will flourish well in fresh-water ponds, and that they have actually been propagated where they were entirely cut off from the sea, no difference from the others being appreciable in their taste.

The frequenters of the Zoological Gardens of London have been much interested in the recent arrival of a female specimen of the gigantic hairy rhinoceros from Sumatra, being the first ever seen living in Europe. This specimen was taken about five years ago in Chittagong, when partly imbedded in quicksand, and was secured by the united efforts of some two hundred men. She was brought with great difficulty to Chittagong and kept there for some time. When first captured she was about six feet in length and four feet in height. Quite recently Mr. Jamrack, a well-known dealer in live animals, had her sent to England, although many difficulties attended the experiment. It was necessary to prepare a cage of teak, of the very strongest character, twelve feet long, nine feet broad, and eight feet high.

The animal has now been safely delivered at the Zoological Gardens in London, where it attracts a great deal of interest. This species agrees with the African rhinoceros in having two horns, but differs in being covered with very coarse hair, and having a soft and flexible skin instead of a hard and horny one. The ears are also provided with a curious fringe of the same hairs.

Land and Water announces the appointment of Mr. John Keast Lord as general manager and secretary of the Brighton Aquarium Company. Mr. Lord is well known by workers in science, both in America and Europe, as an excellent practical naturalist, and as having added much to our knowledge of the zoology of Northwestern America. While in this country he occupied the position of naturalist to the British division of the Northwestern Boundary Survey, and published a work upon the natural history of Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, based upon an extended collection made by him, and now deposited in the British Museum. He has been lately engaged in explorations in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Red Sea, where he has gathered large quantities of scientific objects. He has been for some time closely connected with *Land and Water*, and has contributed many articles upon deep-sea fisheries, etc., to that paper.

The Meteorological Office of Great Britain proposes to issue lithographic charts illustrative of the daily weather report. These will be forwarded from the office of the printer between 1 and 2 o'clock P.M. each day, and sent to any part of the kingdom, upon payment of five shillings per quarter. In addition to the returns from forty stations, charts of the British Isles and a portion of the Continent are given, showing the movements of the barometer and thermometer, the conditions of the wind and sea, and the quantity of cloud and rain. The rapid dissemination of this information can not fail to be of great value to Great Britain, as is shown by the success which has attended a similar enterprise of the American Signal Service, of which we are so justly proud, and which has been in operation for a considerable time, embracing much more minuteness of detail than is proposed for the English maps.

A contributor to *Land and Water* speaks of the capture of a monster cod, which he considers to be the largest ever taken on the British coast. Although this fish had neither roe nor milt, and was in so poor a condition as to be without any fat in the stomach, it weighed 60 pounds. It had a length of 4½ feet and a circumference round the thickest part of the body of 3 feet. It measured 1½ feet from the end of the nose to the outer edge of the gill cover, and the head weighed 15 pounds when removed from the body. These figures, however, are very often paralleled on the coast of the United States, several instances being recorded of the capture of cod weighing 80, 90, and even 100 pounds.

The same writer refers to the capture of a ling measuring 6 feet in length, in the stomach of which was found a salmon measuring 27 inches, and in good preservation. In the opinion of the writer this shows that the salmon go a long way to sea, as the ling was taken full 8 miles from the coast, in from 30 to 40 fathoms of water.

As the result of the explorations during the past year in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen on the part of various travelers, Dr. Petermann presents, in a new map of that country, a very great change in its form, the eastern line of Northeast Land being entirely altered, it proving to be twice as large as was once supposed, and various new islands having been discovered.

Mr. J. Charlesworth has exhibited to the Geological Society of London some sharks' teeth from the crag (pliocene) formation, bearing marks of having been bored by a sharp instrument, which Professor Owen and others considered unquestionably due to human agency.

The death is announced from Germany of one of the most eminent of vegetable physiologists, Hugo von Mohl, which took place on the 1st of April. Von Mohl was born at Stuttgart in 1805, and in 1835 was appointed Professor of Botany to the University of Tübingen, and director of the Botanic Gardens of that town, a position he has held ever since. His researches have been chiefly in the direction of physiological botany, on which he has written copiously and pursued a large number of original investigations. To these we are indebted, to a large extent, for our knowledge of the formation, development, and constitution of the vegetable cell. Von Mohl was co-editor with Schlechtendahl of the weekly *Botanische Zeitung*, the most important botanical journal of the continent of Europe, and was a foreign member of the Linnæan Society of London.

Mr. Darwin has just published in England the sixth edition (eleventh thousand) of his "Origin of Species." Although reduced in bulk, from the use of a smaller size of type, there is in this edition a considerable amount of new matter, the chief part of which is a reply to the various objections to the theory of natural selection raised by Mr. Mivart in his "Genesis of Species." Mr. Darwin makes considerable use of the observations of Malm to account for the curious want of symmetry in the arrangement of the eyes in the pleuronectidæ, or flat-fish.

The Panama *Star and Herald* records the first arrival on the 2d of April at Panama, on its annual eastern migration, of the beautiful sphinx moth (*Urania leilus*). The immense flights of this moth, and the extreme regularity of their recurrence year by year, have repeatedly been dwelt upon by the *Star*, and much interest has been excited as to its starting-place and ultimate destination.

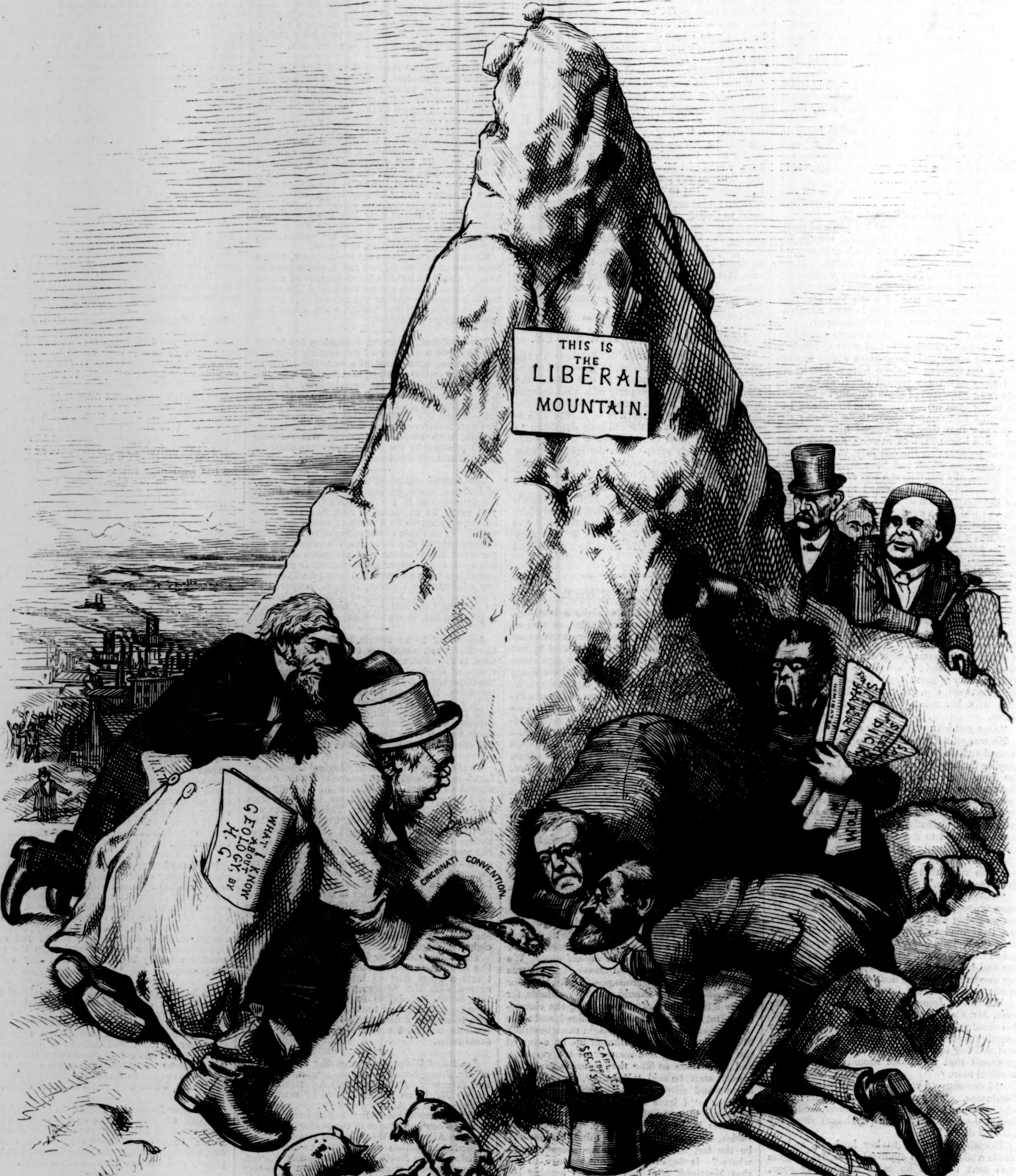
Professor Leidy, at a meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, on the 6th of February, exhibited specimens of corundum from Macon County, North Carolina, which, he said, were especially interesting, as they consisted of fragments of large crystals of gray corundum, containing in the interior dark blue sapphire, and coated on the exterior with bright red ruby. One pyramid of a large crystal from the same locality recently brought to that city weighs 300 pounds.

Dr. Blythe, a distinguished chemist and lecturer, died in January last in Ireland, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He was for a time associated with Dr. Hoffmann in the Royal College of Chemistry, and in 1847 was appointed professor at the Royal College of Cirencester. On the death of Professor Gregory, Dr. Blythe was chosen by Baron Liebig as the editor of his (Liebig's) works in England. He then removed to Ireland, where he resided until his death.

Professor Huxley returned to England early in April, after an absence of ten weeks, and at once resumed his lectures and other scientific work. Complete absence from work, and the dry, bracing weather of Upper Egypt, had completely restored his health and strength.

A correspondent of the *Weekly*, referring to the horned frogs of the Western plains (*Phrynosoma*), informs us that when crossing the plains some years ago he carried with him several specimens, and on examining them one night found that twenty-four young ones had suddenly made their appearance, each one about the size of a dime, and all very lively. This shows that instead of producing eggs deposited externally, they are ovo-viviparous, as is the case with many other reptiles.

As an illustration of the success which generally attends well-conducted zoological gardens and aquaria, we may state that, although quite recently organized, the receipts from 216,000 visitors to the aquarium at Berlin for the year 1871 amounted to nearly $40,000.


THIS IS THE LIBERAL MOUNTAIN.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GEOLOGY, BY H. G.
CINCINNATI CONVENTION.
SPEECH OF HARRY
SPEECH OF DICK
NOMINATION
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"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

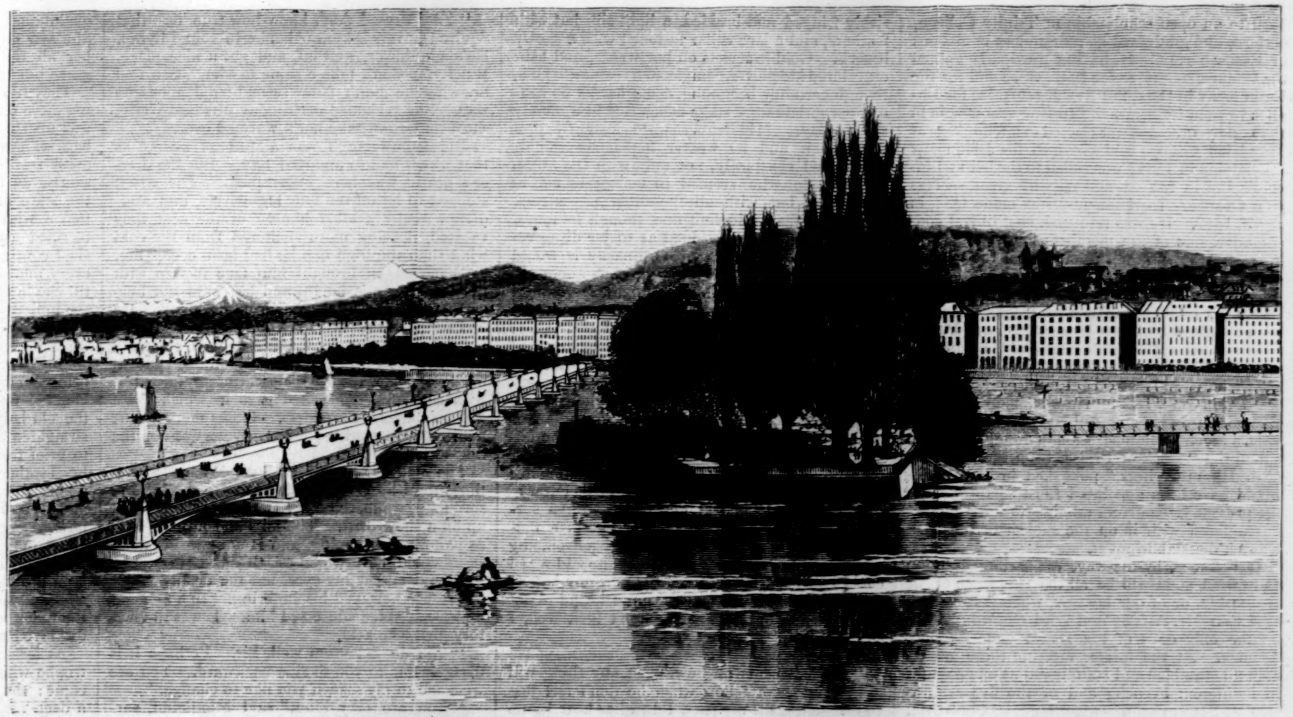
"A (Mud) Mountain was once greatly agitated. Loud Groans and Noises were heard; and crowds of People came from all Parts to see what was the Matter. After long expectation and many wise conjectures from the by-standers, out popped a—*Mouse!*"

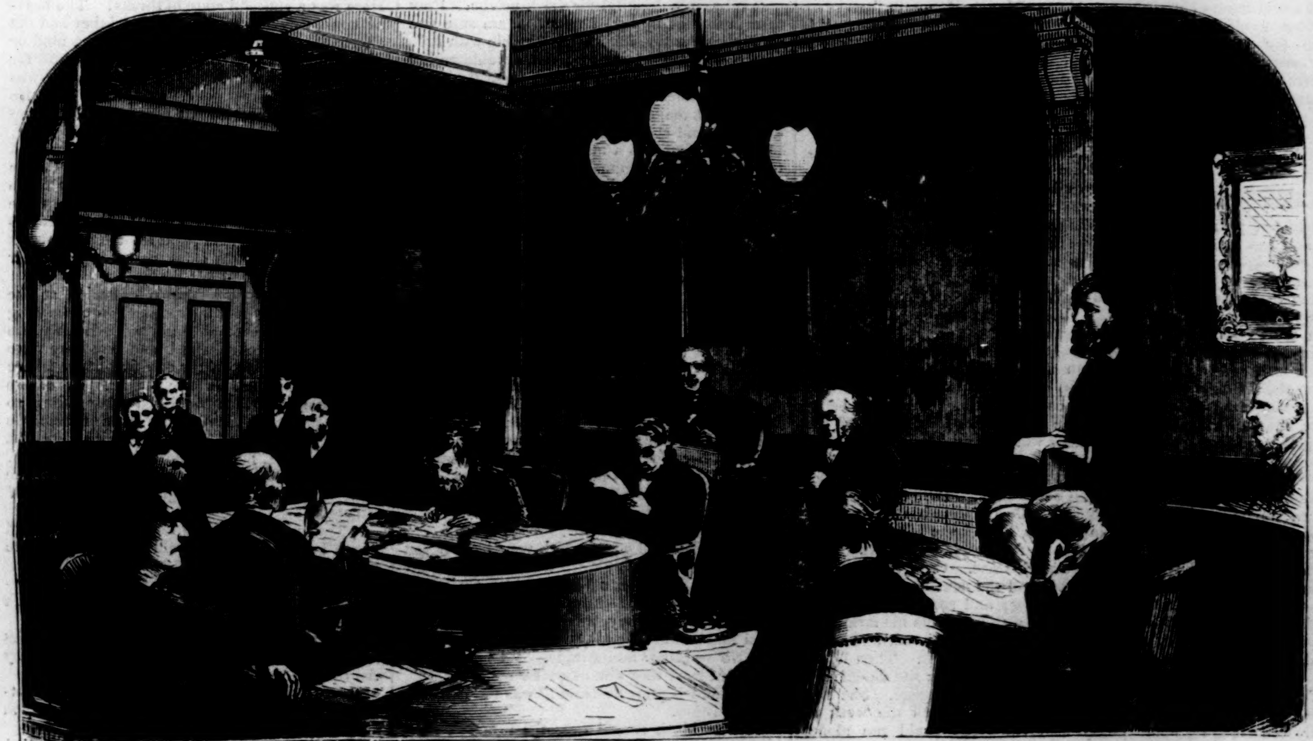
THE GENEVA CONFERENCE.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

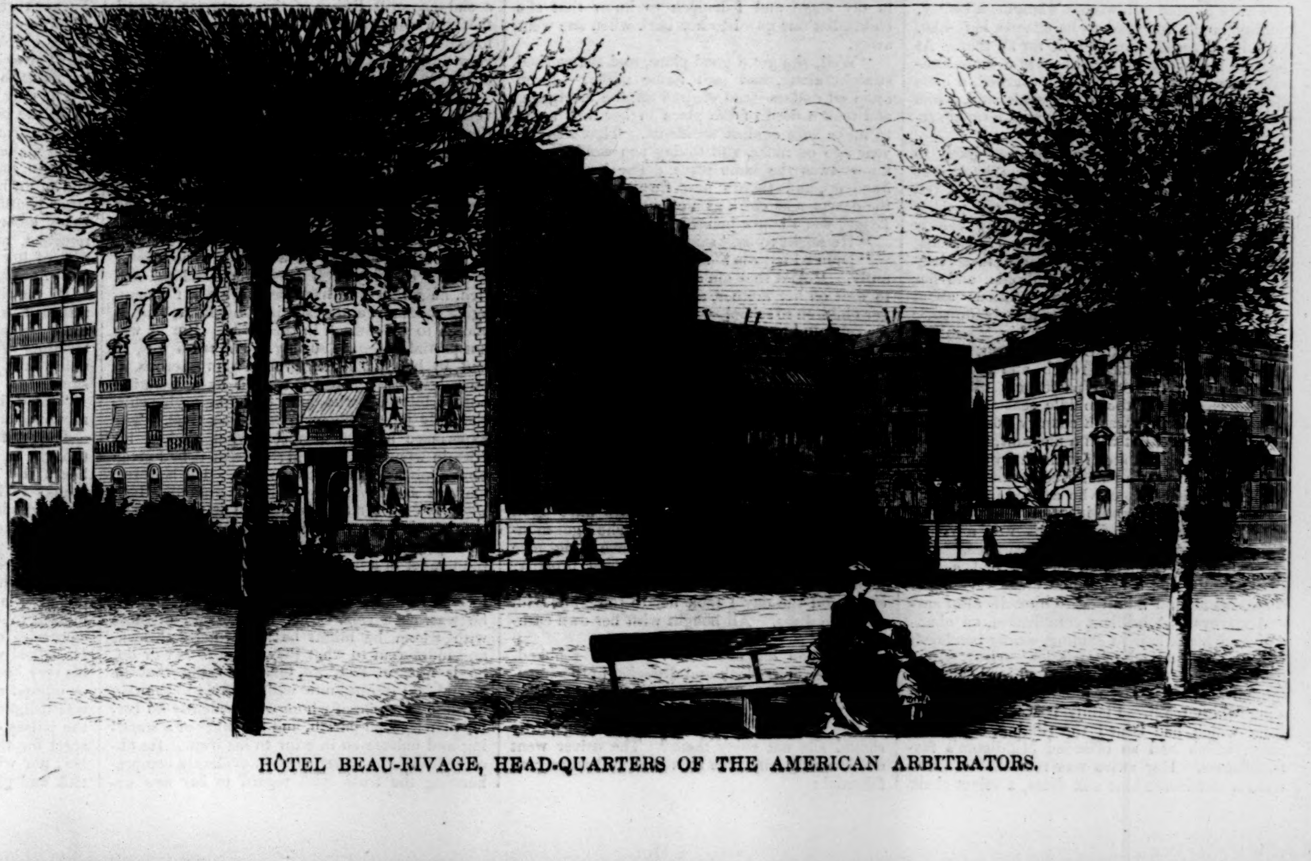
There could not have been a lovelier day than the 15th of April at Geneva. Mont Blanc, forty miles away, looked in, figuratively speaking, at Mr. Bancroft Davis's windows at the Hôtel Beau-Rivage; and when Mont Blanc is here visible at all, it is a sort of Genevese barometer of "set fair" weather. The Hôtel de Ville, where the brief meeting of Messrs. Davis, Cushing, and Beaman with Lord Tenterden and his two secretaries took place, is the Town-hall of Geneva. It is a quaint old pile, planted at the head of a narrow winding street, in the medieval part of the city. The gateway leads into a paved court, with a double arcade on one side and the city offices on the other. Directly opposite the gateway, inside of the court, is a cobble-stone stairway, up which the dignitaries, in the aristocratic days of the republic, used to ride their horses to the council-chamber.

The meetings have taken place in the Salle du Congrès—the council-chamber of the canton and city of Geneva. There it is that the arbitrators will meet on the 15th of June next, if they meet at all. The Americans who will figure at that meeting have already appeared pictorially in the *Weekly*. The two Englishmen who will take the greatest part at the June conference are Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, British arbiter, and Sir Roundell Palmer, leading lawyer on the English side.


GENEVA, MONT BLANC IN THE DISTANCE.


HALL OF CONGRESS, HÔTEL DE VILLE, WHERE THE TRIBUNAL OF GENEVA IS HELD.

The Right Hon. Sir Alexander James Edmund Cockburn, Bart., son of Mr. Alexander Cockburn, formerly English minister in Colombia, was born in 1802, and succeeded, in 1858, to the baronetcy of his uncle, the late Rev. Sir William Cockburn, Bart., Dean of York. Having been educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated LL.B. in 1829, Mr. Cockburn was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, and went the Western Circuit. In 1841 he became Q.C.; during the railway mania of 1846 had the good fortune to obtain a large share of the Parliamentary practice which arose out of the various lines projected; and at the general election of 1847 was returned for Southampton in the advanced liberal interest. He did not take a very prominent position as a debater, until he made his memorable defense of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy on the Pacifico question in 1850, which was one of the most eloquent and successful speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons. He was soon afterward appointed Solicitor-General, was promoted to be Attorney-General in March, 1851, and continued to hold the latter office till the dissolution of Lord John Russell's ministry in the spring of 1852. On the formation of the Coalition cabinet he resumed his post as Attorney-General, and was, in 1854, appointed Recorder of Bristol. While Attorney-General he was engaged in the "Hopwood case," and displayed consummate ability in the prosecution of W. Palmer. On the death of Chief Justice Jervis, at the close of 1856, Sir Alexander Cockburn was created Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was advanced to the high office of Lord Chief Justice of England on the elevation of the late Lord Campbell to the woolsack in 1859. His charge to the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, London, delivered April 10, 1867, in the cause of General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, prosecuted by the Jamaica Defense Committee, is a masterly performance, and contains a most elaborate exposition of martial law, and of the manner in which it has been applied in various periods of English history. As has been said above, he is the arbiter for the British at the Geneva Tribunal.


HÔTEL BEAU-RIVAGE, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN ARBITRATORS.

Sir Roundell Palmer, Q.C., M.P., second son of the late Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, many years rector of Mixbury, Oxon, where he was born in 1812, educated at Rugby and Winchester schools, was elected in

1830 to an open scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, and graduated as a first class in classics in Easter term, 1834, having previously gained the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse and for the Latin essay in 1831, the Newdegate prize for English verse in 1832, and the Ireland scholarship in the same year. He was elected to a fellowship at Magdalen College and obtained the Eldon law scholarship in 1834; was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837, practiced with great success as a Chancery barrister, and was made Q.C. in April, 1849. He was returned, as a liberal conservative, one of the members for Plymouth in August, 1847, was not re-elected at the general election in July, 1852, but regained the seat in June, 1853, and held it till March, 1857, when he did not offer himself as a candidate. Having been appointed Solicitor-General in Lord Palmerston's second administration, and having received the honor of knighthood, he was returned for Richmond in July, 1861, and at the general election in July, 1865. He was made Attorney-General in 1864, and retired with Lord Russell's second administration in June, 1866. He edited the "Book of Praise, from the Best English Hymn Writers," published in 1862. He would have been appointed Lord Chancellor by the present Gladstone administration if he had not differed with it on the subject of the Irish Church disestablishment.

It becomes, by-the-way, a puzzling question as to what good will be all the eloquence of Sir Roundell or of our lawyers, when it is considered that Mr. Adams and Lord Cockburn will be the only ones of the Board understanding English. At the former meeting these gentlemen all stumbled and stammered at one another in indifferent French; and of the five arbitrators M. Stempfli, of Switzerland, is, I presume, the only one to whom French is the vernacular.

The head-quarters of the American arbiter, manager, and lawyers is the Grand Hôtel Beau-Rivage. One wing of this luxurious abode is reserved and especially fitted up for them. Wherefore, even *ad interim*, the American flag is constantly flying above the fine terrace fronting the lake, and the American language and manners, to the exclusion of all others, prevail at the *table d'hôte*.

Geneva, *April* 16, 1872.

IN A STAGE-COACH.

It was a cold spring day, nearly ten years ago. The snows were melting, and the frost just beginning to come out of the ground; consequently the hilly roads of Maine were in a parlous state—deep mud-holes alternating with old snow-drifts, and treacherous spots which seemed frozen, but were merely a crust covering the porous mass below. It was nine o'clock in the morning when the stage-coach which connects the little village of B——, on the Kennebec River, with the railway terminus some twenty-five miles below, drew up before the door of the public-house, where Harvey Middleton stood waiting. That gentleman watched its approach with some doubts concerning his own chances of a seat. It was not a coach, but a thing called a "mud-cart"—a kind of wide open wagon set on strong elastic springs, and having several low-backed seats, which extended over the wheels to afford more room. Every seat was full except one on the elevated perch of the driver, and thither Middleton clambered with some difficulty, and wrapped himself as well as he could from the cold. He was just recovering from a rather severe illness, which had detained him a fortnight in that out-of-the-way place. A busy Boston lawyer, with an office full of cases calling him home, he had not borne the confinement very patiently; and not feeling really well enough yet to bear a tiresome stage ride, was just in that state of nervous irritability to be annoyed at every thing. As he mounted to his place his ears were greeted by a woman's laugh—a hearty, ringing laugh, too loud to be exactly lady-like, but with a pleasant sound in it for all that. At least he might have thought so in a more amiable moment; now, however, he turned, a little disgusted at the boisterous outbreak, and, while settling himself in the fur robes, took a rapid survey of his fellow-travelers.

They were none of them of a class likely to please his fastidious taste. On the back seat were a sharp-visaged Shaker, who had pestered him to buy a washing-machine at the public-house that morning, a sleepy-looking elderly farmer, and his wife. The latter was a nervous, restless woman, who had in charge three baskets, a bundle, a shawl, an umbrella, and her husband, and seemed equally anxious about them all. Four red-shirted log-drivers, on their way down the river to start a big "jam" at Carratunk Falls, filled the front seat. They were decent men, though rough, and rather disposed to treat the other passengers to a good deal of chaff. On the middle seat were three persons. The first was a country youth of the hobbledehoy age, but with a pleasant, intelligent face, interesting in spite of immaturity and freckles. Next him sat a pale, tired-looking woman, with a sad, girlish face, who carried in her arms an enormously fat and incredibly lively baby. The other occupant of the seat was a young woman of certainly striking appearance. She seemed about twenty-four or five, had a tall, showy figure and a handsome face—very handsome, Middleton admitted to himself, after several surveys. A brilliant complexion, an abundance of black hair in shining, satiny bands—it was before the advent of "frizzles"—clear, strong gray eyes, a well-cut nose, and a handsome though somewhat large mouth filled with dazzling white teeth. Plainly it was that mouth from which had issued the ringing, boisterous laugh which had so offended Middleton's fastidiousness. Her attire was remarkable. She wore a handsome blue silk dress, a velvet cloak richly fringed and braided, a light silk hat with feathers, and a lace collar fastened with a showy brooch. Gold bracelets on her wrists, and lemon-colored kid gloves, completed a costume which, though certainly becoming, could hardly be called appropriate for a stage-coach ride in a muddy spring day. Middleton's taste instantly pronounced it and its wearer hopelessly vulgar. She talked constantly, not only with the youth at her side, who seemed to belong to her in some way, but with all the other passengers. Her voice was a pleasant one, though its tones, like her laugh, were so loud as to jar disagreeably on Middleton's ear. Ordinarily it would not have occurred to him to be thus annoyed; indeed, his sense of humor might have been pleased by the young woman's shrewd and often witty comments on the incidents of their ride; but to-day he was ill and nervous, and her loud tone, her unpolished and occasionally ungrammatical speech and vulgarly showy dress displeased and disgusted him. He bore it as long as he could, and then his impatience broke out. Not loud enough, however, to be audible to the object of it. It was to his companion, the driver, that he exclaimed, "Confound that woman's tongue! Is there no end to its infernal clatter?"

The driver looked at our friend with a surprised and half-offended glance; but in a moment he answered, in a tone rather patronizing and tolerant, as though the person he addressed could really not be supposed to know any better,

"Well, stranger, I guess you feel kind o' out o' sorts this morning. You don't look well, I snum. Been sick, ain't ye?"

"Yes."

"Well, it beats all how 'most any thing will kind o' hector a fellow when he don't feel just right. Now, for my part, I'd rather hear Lymp Tucker laugh than to hear preachin': there's something heartenin' in it; would cheer a fellow up if he was blue as Moxey Mountain."

"I beg your pardon," said Middleton. "I did not know she was a friend of yours; and I meant no harm any way."

"Oh, well, there's no offense. Lymp ain't any thing to me in particular; but she's a girl I always like to have behind my horses."

"*What* did you call her?"

"Lymp Tucker—short for Olympia—Deacon Ben Tucker's daughter; oldest of six."

"Are they all like her?"

If there was any hidden sneer in his words the driver did not perceive it. "Not much," was his emphatic reply. "They're a pindlin' set. She's as strong as a threshin'-machine, and as smart as chain lightnin'."

"Indeed! What can she do?"

"Well, I should like to have you mention any thing she can't do."

Middleton's good-breeding constrained him to express an interest in the driver's theme which, perhaps, he did not wholly feel. The latter went on confidentially. Their seat being higher than the others, the loud rattle of the wheels kept their words within bounds.

"You see, Sir, Deacon Tucker he hain't never been a strong man, and was always rather behindhand with his farmin'. Then they've had a sight of sickness. Two of the girls died of consumption, and Miss Tucker she fell down stairs and hurt the spine of her back, so she has scarcely done a day's work since. One year the deacon's crops failed, and the next he had bad luck with his cattle dying; and so, what with sickness and all, he'd had to mortgage his farm, and it had only three year more to run, and every body reckoned he'd have to lose it. Then Lymp she said that never should be, for she should earn the money to pay off the mortgage. She was eighteen then, and had done all the work at home pretty near since she could run alone. She went out spinning till she got money enough to pay her fare to Lowell, and then she started for the factory. I carried her down to the cars in my stage, and I happen to know that she hadn't but one gown to her back when she went away.

"Well, she got a good place, and she worked straight along, and sent home money—seven hundred dollars—and cleared off the mortgage, and took a deed of the place in her own name to make sure against accidents. That was six year ago or more, and to-day you would never know 'twas the same place. The house is all fixed up, and there's new furniture in it, and the deacon's as chirk as a cricket, and proud of Lymp, you'd better believe."

"He ought to be," said Middleton, heartily.

"Didn't I tell you?" asked the other, triumphantly. "And that ain't half. She hires a girl to wait on her mother, and she's sent the younger children to school—she never had any chance for schoolin' herself—and then— You see that boy back there with her?"

"Yes, I noticed him."

"Well, that's her brother John; all the boy the deacon ever had. He's seventeen, and smart. Lymp's puttin' him through college, going to make a doctor of him, she says."

"She is a noble girl."

"Well, she's got the grit. You can't discourage her. She's bound to laugh right through every thing; and that kind always have good luck. Not proud neither, though she's got money in the bank, and can afford to have things nice now. Some difference," he continued, proudly, with a backward gesture, "between that velvet cloak and the day I took her to the Falls with only one dress. All bought with her own earnings too."

Middleton did not smile: he felt rebuked. Even the velvet cloak and dress hat in the stage-coach became respectable to him in connection with that cheerful, courageous, unselfish spirit. If the girl had pleasure in these things, why should she not enjoy them? The driver went on, lowering his voice to a tone still more confidential:

"*They say*—I don't know how true 'tis—that Squire Danvers is kind o' hankerin' round Lymp. He's a widower, well off, and got a nice place. But Lymp don't take a shine to him. She told my wife she didn't fancy second-hand goods no way. She reckoned matrimony was best fresh; she'd rather not take her'n warmed over."

Middleton's laugh was almost as hearty as that which had so annoyed him. But the driver's gossip was here interrupted. The coach stopped to let off the four log-drivers, and Middleton gladly availed himself of the seat they vacated, it being more sheltered from the cold wind than the high one he had been occupying. This movement brought him face to face with the owner of the laugh, and he could not help surveying her with a glance of curiosity. He had heard of the genus factory-girl, but perhaps had never before been knowingly in company with a specimen. There was nothing rude in his look; and the girl, observing, returned it with a steady, unabashed gaze in which there was no shadow of boldness. It was more as one man regards another; and Harvey's eye was the first to fall.

The road was in a frightful condition. Sometimes the wheels on one side sank to the hubs in soft mud, while those on the other were tilted up on a snow-drift. The jolts and lurches were as painful as alarming, and Harvey in his weak state could hardly endure them. He leaned back and closed his eyes, but the deadly pallor of his face betrayed his suffering. In a moment a pleasant voice addressed him. It was the factory-girl, who said,

"You do not seem well, Sir. Perhaps it is disagreeable to you to ride backward. You are welcome to my seat, if you like to change."

"You are very kind," said Middleton, surprised. "The seat is very well, I believe: only I have been ill, and the road is rough."

"Why, it is dreadful for a sick person. Pray take this thick shawl of mine. I am sure you could make yourself more comfortable with it."

"Thank you very much; but I would rather not deprive you of it."

"I do not need it, Sir: my cloak is very warm; and you can make yourself a pillow of it. Please take it;" and she leaned forward and arranged the shawl herself in a manner so comfortable as to be its own recommendation. He had not energy to remonstrate further, but leaned back and again closed his eyes, thinking the while how very handsome hers were, and what a gentle touch she had.

He lay thus for some time, paying little heed to any thing; but after a while his attention was attracted by the talk of those in front of him. The pale woman with the baby was questioning Miss Tucker concerning Lowell and its factories. She had a timid, nervous manner, and spoke softly, as if frightened at the sound of her own voice. She had been pretty once, but now her face had a weary, hopeless look, which touched Middleton's sympathies. Miss Tucker answered her questions with ready good nature, soon drawing from her the fact that she was on her way to Lowell in the hope of finding employment.

"Have you any friends in that city?" she presently asked.

"No."

"But what will you do with your baby if you work in the mills?"

"I thought perhaps I could get some one to look after him, if I had the luck to find work."

"Haven't you any friends where you come from that would take him—your own folks?"

"No"—rather hesitatingly. "I haven't any folks—at least they don't care for me now."

"Where is your husband?" was the next abrupt question.

A fiery blush spread over the woman's face, and her lips contracted as if with a sharp spasm of pain, but she made no answer. Miss Tucker regarded her for an instant with surprise; then a sudden, swift lifting of the eyebrows showed that she comprehended the case. She leaned forward and said, in a low tone, "I understand: your husband is not living. I am sorry I spoke of it. What a fine healthy baby yours is!"

There was a gentle, womanly accent in her voice, which did not escape Harvey's ear; and the ready tact with which she had covered the poor creature's embarrassment, turning instantly from the painful theme to that which would naturally be most consoling, pleased and touched him. He looked at the overdressed, loud-voiced factory-girl with more of genuine admiration than he had often bestowed on any woman. Indeed, he was *not* an admirer of women in general. A bachelor of forty, well born, good-looking, and rich, he might well have been a mark for managing mammas and designing daughters, had he chosen to put himself in their way. But he was not partial to female society. The truth was, he had in his youth, when not so prosperous as now, been rather badly treated by a beautiful but worldly girl, who, after encouraging his suit, suddenly jilted him for a wealthier rival. The experience had possibly somewhat shaken his faith in women in general; at least it had given him a distaste for their society. He had two married brothers, but their matrimonial luck was not of a kind to make him envious. The wife of one was a very high-bred woman, a model of elegance and propriety in externals, but with the temper of a demon; the other was an amiable fool. So, on the whole, Harvey was content to remain as he was. Unfamiliar with women, he was, as a rule, rather unobservant of those with whom he might be accidentally thrown, and indifferent to what they chose to say or do. So it was, in fact, an unusual thing that he should be listening now with interest to the talk of these two, one of whom was evidently no better than a social pariah, and the other of a standing and culture so inferior to his own. He observed how the latter, though evidently comprehending the truth with regard to her new acquaintance, showed no shrinking or hesitation. She saw only her need, not her fault, and gave her all the advice in her power in a tone of grave but respectful compassion.

They rumbled and jolted along, the road growing more difficult with every mile, till, indeed, it was nearly impassable. The old lady with the baskets grew crosser and more frightened with every fresh jolt. She scolded the driver incessantly, as if he were somehow responsible for the state of the roads, and seemed out of patience with all the rest for not being as much terrified as herself. Her wretched husband slept continually, but managed to lurch forward every moment against the youth in front of him, till the latter very nearly lost his temper under the infliction. The baby fretted and cried; and as for Harvey, he grew so tired that he began to think he could go no further.

But discomfort and annoyance only seemed to bring out Lymp Tucker in greater strength. She laughed merrily at each fresh mishap, rallied the old lady out of her fears, and helped her to straighten her smashed bonnet, which had come to grief from the jolting stage; she joked away her brother's ill humor, and produced from her sachel an orange which quieted the crying baby, and gave its weary mother a brief rest. Her unfailing good humor and cheerfulness had an effect upon all; even Harvey partly forgot his weariness in the lively talk in which she engaged him. She chatted with perfect frankness and some disregard of grammar rules; but the quick wit and the shrewd common-sense she displayed made amends for much.

At last, in going down a long hill, the catastrophe which the old lady had been looking for came: the stage sank with a sudden lurch into a deep rut, and one of the wheels snapped like a reed. Fortunately the vehicle was not upset, only stuck fast; but they could go no farther. Here was a cheerful state of things! The nearest house was half a mile away, and they had the alternative of walking to it through the mud or of waiting there in the bleak March wind for an indefinite time till another conveyance was found. The former course was plainly the wise one, and all scrambled out accordingly. Lymp Tucker drew up the skirt of her gay silk dress, thereby making a liberal display of ankles and under-garments, but the comely shape of the one and the spotless neatness of the other made it excusable. Then, taking possession of the kicking baby, and bidding her brother give his assistance to Middleton, she led the way across the fields, the whole company taking up their line of march behind her.

Arrived, after considerable difficulty, at the farm-house, they had the satisfaction of learning that they must wait at least two hours for the repair of the broken wheel, and that they were still five miles short of the half-way house where they had expected to take dinner. Of course they were all nearly famished after riding so long in the cold. The good-woman of the house seemed well disposed to supply their wants, but she was alone, and her larder somewhat lean. "I don't suppose you'd want fried pork," she said, dubiously. "I might kill a couple of pullets."

"That would take too long altogether," said Lymp Tucker. "We should eat the baby before they would be ready."

"Well, I guess Jones's wife, down to the corner, would let me have some ham; but I hain't got no bread baked then."

"Oh, never mind that. Give me the things to do it with, and I'll have the bread made by the time you are back from Jones's."

"La, now," said the hostess, looking doubtfully at the fine apparel of her guest, "do you suppose you could?"

"You bring me the things and see," replied the other, laying aside her velvet cloak and light kid gloves. The woman obeyed at once. Miss Tucker turned up the silken sleeves from a pair of large and handsome white arms and tied on a big check apron, while the hostess flung a shawl over her head and took her way across the fields to "the corner."

The only fire in the house was in the kitchen, so all the passengers sat round it and watched the preparation of their repast. The impromptu bread-maker flirted a flour-sifter, twirled a spoon in a pan, made several rapid passes over a board, and in an incredibly short time had produced a large panful of biscuits, which she set in a tin baker before the open fire. The hostess soon returned, and presently had ready a smoking dish of hot ham and eggs, which, with biscuits like snow-flakes, made a very inviting repast.

By the time the meal was well over the driver returned, with his wheel mended, and they took the road again. Harvey, who had paid his entertainer liberally for his own dinner, noticed the pale young woman approach and offer to do the same.

"That is all settled," said the hostess, and motioned with her hand toward Miss Tucker.

Harvey felt mortified that he should not have thought to do that kindness himself. He overheard the poor woman's grateful murmur of thanks to her new friend and the light laugh with which they were turned aside. He had come to like the sound of that laugh quite as well as the driver. He was not sorry when, on resuming their places, he found Miss Tucker seated beside himself. He could no longer bear to be only the recipient of kindness, and he exerted himself to show to his companion all those small courtesies of the road which occasion allowed. He talked very little, however, though he talked his very best; and his grave, respectful demeanor offered no index of the feeling, as new as it was delightful, which really thrilled through all the pulses of his being. It was not merely respect for the fine qualities he had discovered in her, nor wholly his kindling admiration for her rich and glowing beauty, but an emotion commingled of and far transcending both—a delicate and subtile pleasure in the presence of a large and gracious womanhood which his whole man's nature acknowledged and bowed down to.

The rest of their journey was accomplished without accident, though not without delays, and it was quite dark before, weary and mud-bespattered, they reached the town where they were to part and go their separate ways. They had left the stage, and Miss Tucker stood in the piazza of the public-house giving some directions about her luggage, when Middleton approached and, taking off his hat, addressed her.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I use too great a freedom. You do not know me, but I have seen too many proofs of your goodness to-day not to feel that I know you. I see that you have kindly taken under your protection the poor woman and her child who rode with us, and I am anxious to share with you the pleasure of assisting her. Here is a small sum of money, which you will oblige me by spending for her use, and a card with my address. If at any time I can be of further service to her, you will do me a favor by letting me know."

The young woman took the card and the crisp bank-note that accompanied it, and expressed her thanks with a dash of embarrassment and timidity which she had not before shown, but which Harvey thought became her wonderfully.

"There is one more favor," he added, with a little hesitation, "which I would like to ask of you. Would you object to give me *your* address?"

"Not at all," she answered, frankly; and gave it accordingly. He thanked her gravely, bowed again as he might have done to a duchess, and walked away. The next day he was at his office in Boston, and she at her busy, responsible post in a great Lowell mill.

For just one week Middleton turned things over in his mind. The result was a resolution and a letter. The last was addressed to Miss Olympia Tucker, and contained a distinct and straightforward proposal of marriage. He recalled himself modestly to the lady's recollection, referring to the journey they had taken together, and declared that the impression which she had that day made upon him was such that he ardently wished to journey through life in her company. He told her who and what he was, his family, business, and fortune; inclosed the addresses of several persons through whom she might, if she wished, satisfy herself in regard to his character and standing; and concluded with an earnest request that she would permit him to visit her. The letter, notwithstanding its abrupt and rather business-like character, was gentlemanly and respectful, and one which almost any lady might feel flattered to receive.

When it was sent he waited in a veritable fever of impatience for the reply. A week, almost another, elapsed before it came. He tore it open: his suit was rejected!

The keenness of his disappointment almost surprised himself. He had hardly been aware how deeply his feelings and his fancy were interested in this woman, whom he had known but for one day, and who had begun by offending his social prejudices and his fastidiousness almost to the point of disgust. He took up her letter and read it again. It was written somewhat stiffly, as if it had cost its author a good deal of trouble, and now and then a word might not be spelled quite correctly; but it was a modest, womanly letter, dignified from its very simplicity. She thanked him sincerely for the compliment of his preference, though she felt compelled to decline his proposal. She had not done so hastily; she had considered his offer well. She did not even affect to conceal from him that it had strong temptations for her—a poor, hard-working girl, struggling single-handed with the world. But she did not think it would be right for her to purchase ease and enjoyment for herself in that way. She was not educated for the circle to which he belonged, and if she were to take him at his perhaps hasty word he might regret it some day. Then, too, he had a right to the love as well as the respect of the woman whom he should make his wife; and she could not pretend to give that to a man whom a week ago she had never thought of in any such relation. She should always feel grateful to him for the honor he had intended her, and she wished him all manner of prosperity and happiness with some woman who would be better suited to him than she.

Harvey read this letter over a great many times. He thought he saw that it was not so much any positive objection to himself which had decided her rejection of his suit as the womanly shrinking from so hasty an arrangement with one whom she knew so little. The naïve confession that his offer had been a temptation touched him. Her life *was* laborious and full of care; there could be little brightness in it. Yet when he thought of all she had done and been to others, and recalled the gay courage with which she faced her lot, the cheerful helpfulness, the gentle kindness that never failed, his heart swelled with tender admiration. "She is the only woman on earth for me," he exclaimed, "and, by Heaven, I will win her yet!"

And he set himself to do so as earnestly, though not quite so precipitately, as before. He went to Lowell every week till midsummer, and then he astonished his numerous friends, including his sisters-in-law, by the announcement of his marriage. Curiosity ran high in regard to his choice, but it was baffled for a time, for he took his bride abroad immediately, and they were absent three years. You may well believe those three years were not wasted by a woman of Lymp Tucker's energy and ability. She had shrewdness, tact, and readiness of imitation. She only needed good models to shape herself into a lady. Indeed, all the essential elements of a lady's character were in her to begin with, and education drew them out. Accordingly she is at this present writing not only the handsomest woman of my acquaintance, but very nearly the most elegant. She does not laugh so loud as she did, but her smile is dazzling. Her voice is pitched somewhat lower, but it has lost none of its heartiness. She has a leaning toward magnificence in her dress, but is quoted as a model of good taste. She is the pride of her husband, who has been growing younger all these ten years, and the fond mother of three splendid boys. Her sisters-in-law refer to her as a kind of oracle in all questions of taste and good-breeding. She is a gracious and hospitable hostess in a luxurious home, and a living illustration of the fact that there is no place a Yankee girl will not fill as if she were born to it, in spite of the most unfavorable circumstances.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHAT multitudes in this great city have, during the past week, been robbed of home comforts and despoiled in pocket! The annual misery has come again—a misery by no means confined to the 1st of May. Would that one day could compass the horrors of moving! Alas, no! A month before the crisis preparations begin—to say nothing of all the "house-hunting" necessary. One after another the luxuries and comforts of home are withdrawn "to be packed," until, as the dreaded epoch approaches, there is scarcely a plate for the family breakfast, or a spot in the house which is not desolately bare. This is but the beginning of sorrows. The house into which you move is found to be dirty to the last degree. The purifying process is no light task at a time when scrubbers and cleaners are in demand every where. There is no help for it; the good wife herself hath need to "strengthen her arms," and to work "willingly with her hands." But carpets and curtains are to be refitted; furniture to be set up; the broken articles mended or replaced. Then the plumbing is sure to be out of order throughout the house, and generally nothing will coax a fire to burn in the range short of sending for the maker—who can not come for several days—and subjecting it to a thorough repairing. With all these things to be done, what wonder that a house is dreary before the cart-loads of goods which have been promiscuously deposited in it are properly arranged? Skill and tact and good management will mitigate but not remove the evils clustering around the annual moving day. Patience and forbearance need to be exercised by the entire household. The husband should be thankful that he can escape from the sight of brooms and dust-pans and soap-suds to the comparative comfort of his office or store; and let him be careful how he complains of the cold dinner, which may be the only kind possible to offer him on his return. And the wife may as well rejoice that she has not the care of paying all the extra bills—or, rather, earning the "wherewithal"—and not worry her husband with the thousand fretting little things that have annoyed her throughout the day. If people must endure the miseries of moving, let them spare themselves the additional misery of losing their good temper.

The casualties at Niagara Falls have commenced early this year. Last week three men were seen struggling in the rapids between the American shore and Goat Island. No help could be given them, and all went over the Falls. It is supposed they were from Chippewa, Ontario, and were on a fishing excursion, and, being carried down by the current while attempting to land at the head of Goat Island, the boat struck a rock and was dashed to pieces.

The steamship *Cuba*, on her last out-bound voyage, carried a very musical cargo of passengers. Some of them were our sweetest songsters, who have been charming the music-loving world during the past season. Nilsson and Parepa-Rosa were among the number.

Antioch will doubtless be rebuilt; but it is strange that people should ever be found to live in that beautiful but fatal spot. The slopes of Vesuvius and Etna are not more dangerous than the valley of the Orontes—now called the Aaszy—and the soft green hills on either side. Yet there the old founders laid the first stones of the Queen of the East; and there is, or was, modern Antakia. The inhabitants will extricate their dead from the present ruins, patch up their broken houses, and continue to live there, forgetful of the fires beneath.

A patent has been issued for a process of making paper from the California tule, known in botany as *Scirpus lacustries*. A fine pulp is produced from this, capable of being made into the best quality of writing and printing paper. This discovery has been carefully tested by experts in the paper business in this country and Europe, who are satisfied that it furnishes a most economical paper stock, which is destined to come largely into use. The process of reducing the reed to pulp is very simple and cheap, and it is believed the discovery will be of great value to California. In Europe another variety of lake reed is already being so largely used in the manufacture of paper that the prices of certain sorts have been reduced, and news paper, into which this material enters, is now being imported into California from Europe cheaper than it can be brought there from the East.

A California journal tells a story of a gentleman who, having gone extensively into the Angora goat business, built a spacious corral, and erected water-proof sheds to protect his property from the weather. When the first heavy storm came he drove the goats into the corral at night. But on going late in the evening to look after them, not a goat could he find. Just as he was about to go away, greatly disturbed, he happened to lift his lantern and his eyes upward, and he beheld the entire flock of goats perched on the top of his carefully constructed shed, and evidently enjoying the heavy storm which was pouring down.

The models showing the original cutting of the Koh-i-noor diamond when first exhibited in 1851, and also that of the subsequent recutting, will be exhibited in the London Exhibition of 1872.

Certainly there is no objection to lofty hats and bonnets in the streets: gentlemen wear tall ones, and ladies may pile on the flowers and feathers as high as they please. But what if gentlemen should keep on their "stove-pipes" in church, at the opera, in the concert-room? If they insisted on so doing in any polite assembly, they would most likely be considered crazy enough for the police to escort home. Yet ladies adorn their heads with enormous piles of rigging, and night after night unfortunate sitters behind the restless elevation dodge hither and thither, striving in vain to catch a clear view of the pulpit, the stage, or the singers. Some less formidable style of head-gear would be highly satisfactory in public gatherings.

Thirty cases of cigars from the stock of the ex-Emperor have been offered for sale at the Louvre. These cigars were of the choicest kinds, having been chiefly intended for the guests at the Tuileries. Latterly Napoleon had used cigarettes, by the advice of his physician, as he was not well enough to enjoy a cigar to the end.

Kunié, the island which is to be the future residence of the Communists who are sentenced to simple transportation, was discovered by Cook in 1774, and called by him Pine Island. In 1853 it was taken possession of by the French. This island, which lies about thirty miles southeast of New Caledonia, the main French Polynesian possession, enjoys a most luxuriant and salubrious climate. Cannibalism may be considered as extinct, owing to the exertions of the missionaries, who have also acclimatized large flocks of live stock so as to divert the carnivorous appetites of the natives. The families of the transported are allowed a passage and residence.

General Sherman was interviewed at Alexandria by an enterprising newspaper correspondent, who propounded divers questions to ascertain how he liked Egypt. Among others, he asked, "How are you impressed with the antiquities and tombs of Egypt, general?"

General Sherman briefly replied: "Never did care much about tombs. Intend to keep out of my own as long as I can, and do not want to get into other people's."

The earthquakes of California seem to have shaken up the ideas of people thereabout pretty thoroughly. One writer in the vicinity of San Francisco, in giving her opinion concerning these convulsions of nature, assures us "heterogeneous parallaxes prismatically converging are not due to the silicious introductions of photospherical asteroids, but rather to parabolic stratification of igneous zygema." So far as we know, this theory is entirely correct.

Several barges have been placed upon the lake at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and visitors can enjoy a charming sail.

Brooklyn is carrying forward building operations with a commendable activity. When the public schools open next September two new school-houses, costing about $70,000 each, will be ready for occupancy. These buildings will accommodate together about 3000 scholars, and greatly relieve the crowded condition of other school-houses.

A tremendous windfall was that when the great unfinished Boston Coliseum tumbled down. The time of the performance was most fortunate, since nobody was hurt. It is asserted that this disaster will not delay the Musical Festival. The work of reconstruction is commenced, the plan of the building having been modified.

The following statements, which come from India, are worthy of earnest consideration by all who have in charge the general health of large cities. Seven years ago the city of Bombay used to be visited almost annually by epidemics of cholera, which killed from 2000 to 5000 persons. This state of things was brought to an end in 1865 by the energy and wisdom of Sir Bartle Frere, and now, though the disease is being constantly imported into the city from the adjacent districts, it is never able to assume epidemic proportions. The remedy employed by Sir Bartle Frere was simply bringing into the city an abundant supply of pure mountain water, placing it within easy reach of the mass of the population, and so removing all temptation to use the polluted water that had previously formed the main supply. That the exception is not a mere accident, but is the effect of the use of purer water, is apparent from the fact that the suburbs of Calcutta, where the old sources of supply are still in use, are afflicted as they were formerly. That the military cantonments in India are so frequently ravaged by cholera is due to the fact that their water supply continues in its former filthy state. Nothing has been done to improve it, though projects are now under consideration for remedying the defect.

The attention of the police of both New York and Brooklyn has been called to the existence of a serious public annoyance in the form of the rubber slings which our city boys have suddenly introduced as one of their methods of street recreation. The pellets used are sent with sufficient force to penetrate windows, and would inflict serious injury if they should strike a sensitive part of the body. Parents should not allow their children to use dangerous playthings.

There have been only twenty deaths in Alpine County, California, since its settlement by whites, nine years ago, although 1600 votes have been cast there. The causes of death as given are curious, being as follows: Murdered, 4; fell from a tree, 1; by avalanche, 3; in a mine, 1; by a cave, 1; consumption, 3; infants, 2; whisky, 2; suffocated in a mine and perished in snow, 3: total, 20. There has been no physician in the county for five years, and no medicine has been wanted.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WESTERN paper tells the following anecdote of a college chum: H——, a member of one of the classes, was distinguished not less for dry wit and sly waggery than for his address in evading the writing of themes, and in palming off the brain-coined currency of others as his legitimate "tender." One Monday morning he read a theme of unusual merit; but Professor A—— "smelled a rat," and as H—— finished and sat down in the pride of conscious innocence, asked, "Is that original, H——?" "Yes, Sir." "Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtingly. "Why, yes, Sir," replied H——, with the imperturbable gravity and that pasteboard countenance he always wore: "it had original over it in the paper I took it from!"

California real estate has been rather shaky of late.

A little girl was standing at the dépôt to see her father and a gentleman friend off, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank, "If the cars run off the track, and any legs must be broken, I hope they'll be Mr. H——'s." "What's that for?" said the startled H——. "Because," she added, artlessly, "Aunt May says you have a pair of spare legs."

Which of the reptiles is a mathematician?—The adder.

When are acrobats murderers?—When they pois-on each other.

"Is there any danger of the boa-constrictor biting?" asked a visitor of a zoological showman. "Not the least," replied the showman: "he never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

Lawyers are lucky. They can do lots of courting and not be engaged.

A "TIME SERVER"—A watch.

The late Sir John Burgoyne is said to have been a frequent contributor to young ladies' albums. Here is one of his contributions:

"You wish me a happy New-Year as a toast,
  And a kindly good act it appears;
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post
  You should wish me—two happy new ears."

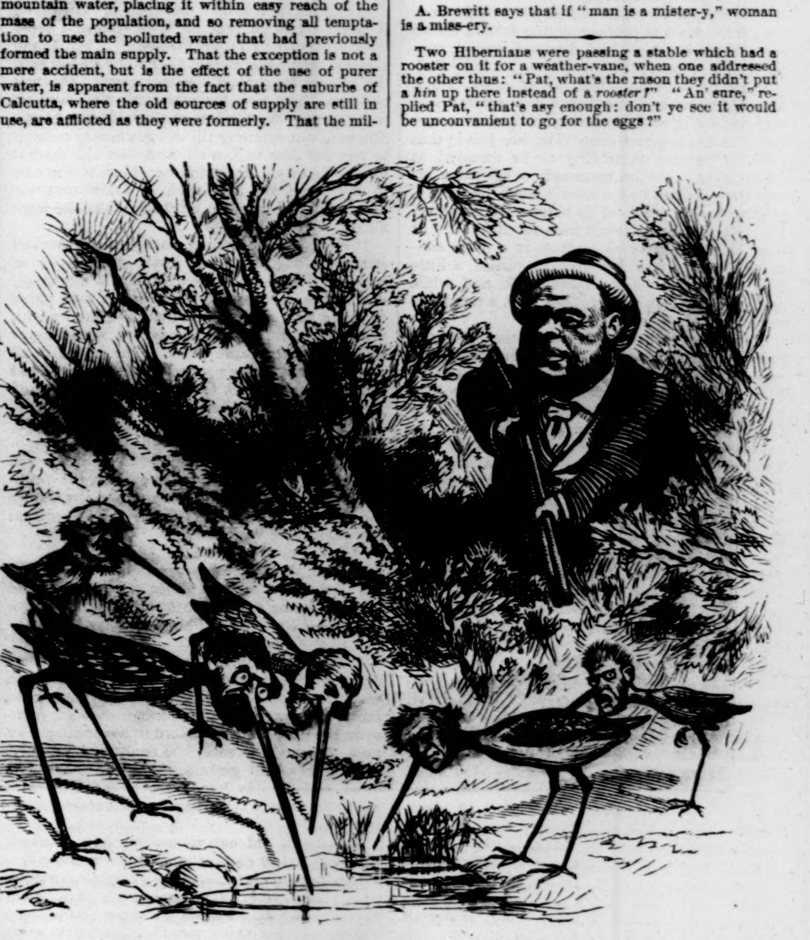
If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

What sort of ascent is a descent?—A trip up, for it brings you down.

Why are washer-women the silliest of people?—Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

A. Brewitt says that if "man is a mister-y," woman is a miss-ery.

Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat, what's the rason they didn't put a *hin* up there instead of a *rooster?*" "An' sure," replied Pat, "that's asy enough: don't ye see it would be unconvanient to go for the eggs?"



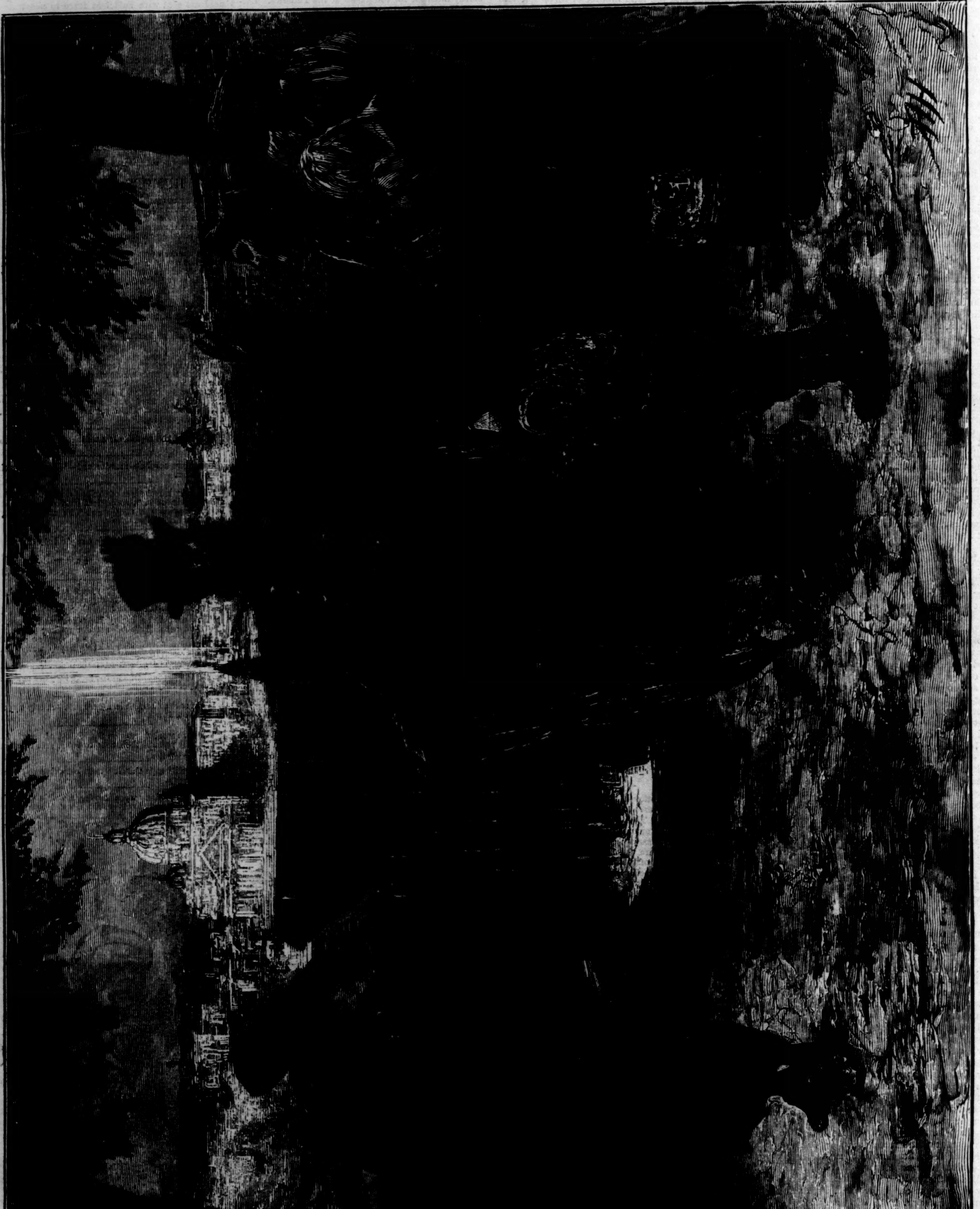
AUGUST BELMONT WENT OUT WEST "SNIPE-SHOOTING," SO THE DAILY PAPERS SAY.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CARDINAL.

On the Pincian Hill is seen a withered, frail figure wrapped in a mantle, followed by a huge footman with a great umbrella, a coach and liveried servants are not far behind, and a party of beggars follow the Roman cardinal as he ventures out of his carriage. A scarlet hat cord and scarlet hose betray the rank of the feeble old man. The picture is a sketch from life, and the artist who witnessed the scene writes that "his 'Eminence' was sadly bored by the beggars. He was most generally charitably inclined, and then waved them to his servant, and beckoned to him to give them a soldo. This the flunky munificently doled out; but sometimes he seemed of a different mind to his master, and gave certain beggars that most decisive Roman negative, the waving of the first finger."

The Roman cardinals are the temporal princes of the dominions of St. Peter. They are supposed to represent the deacons who were selected to minister to the widows and the poor of Jerusalem. But the resemblance does not seem quite apparent. The cardinals live in magnificent palaces, drive through the streets of Rome on festal days in splendid coaches, and consume in wasteful luxury the money wrested from the widows and the poor. The floors of their palaces are covered with mosaic and ebony, ivory and pearl; their saloons are adorned with statues and rare paintings; the finest company at Rome assembles around the graceful cardinal, and gaming and light amusements entertain his thoughtless guests. But by the native Romans, who know the inner life of the modern deacons, no class of their priestly rulers has been more detested. The cardinals are the emblems of profound hypocrisy or of open crime. Some of them—perhaps nearly all—are stained with such cruel deeds as are known nowhere except at Rome. At their head stands Antonelli, who, in the guise of unvarying affability, hides (we are told by Gavazzi) the memory of a life crowded with evil acts, and who is denounced by his countrymen as the chief author of their many woes. The cardinals elect the popes—a privilege that once belonged to the people and the clergy of Rome. In the eleventh century a pope whom the latter had chosen took from them the right of election and gave it to a college of cardinals. The usurpation was allowed by his ignorant contemporaries, and Rome has never since that time been suffered to choose its own bishop. The corruption of the college of cardinals has been reflected in the degraded lives of the usurping popes, in the dangerous policy and the fatal persecutions of Rome. It would be well for the Roman people to resume their inalienable right of choosing their own bishop, to reduce the cardinals to a proper submission, and place an honest man—perhaps a Gavazzi or a Hyacinthe—at the head of the Romish Church.

It was the leading principle of the better ages of the Church that all Christians were equal, and that overseers and officials should be elected by the united company of believers. When the

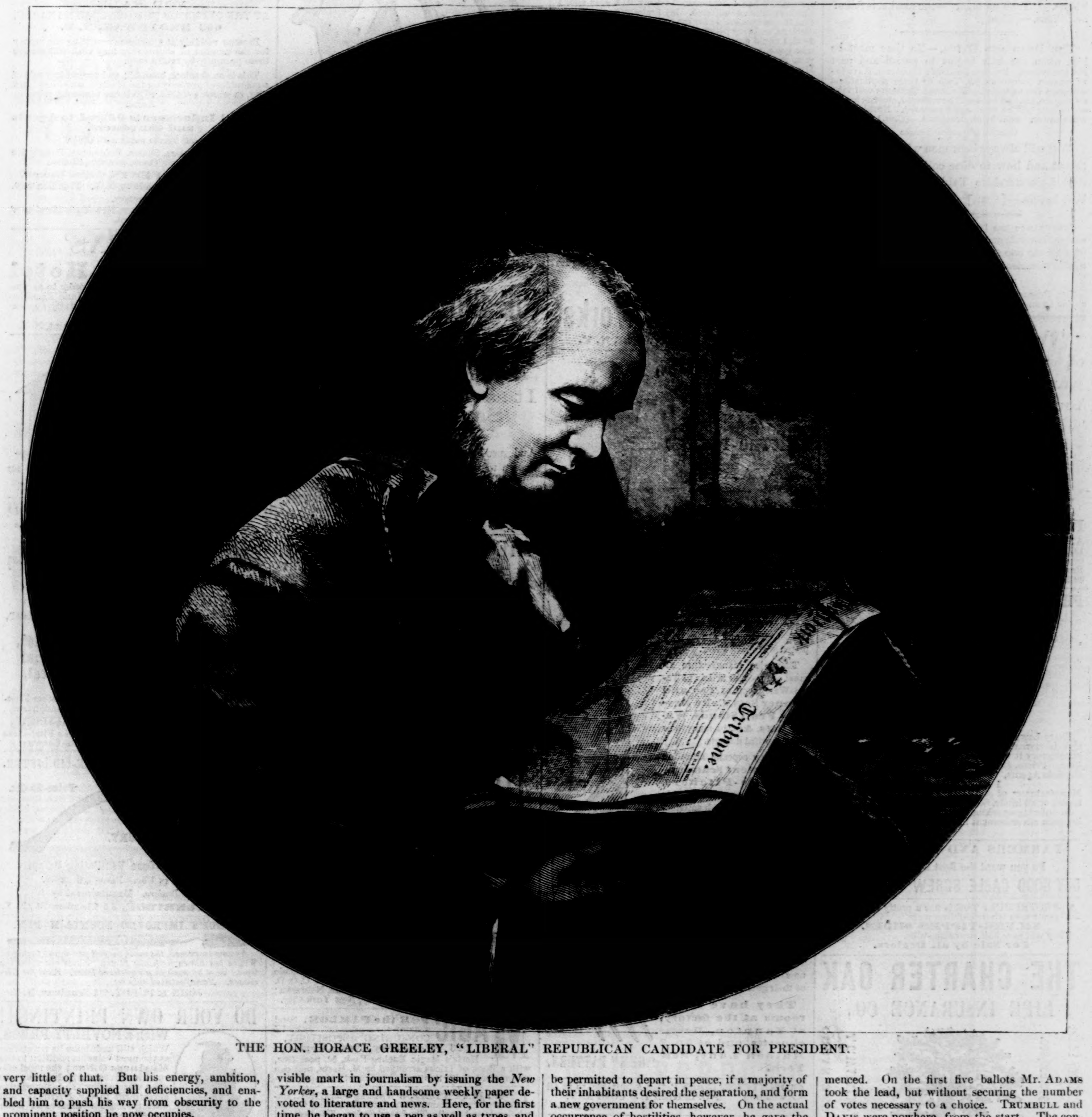


A ROMAN CATHOLIC CARDINAL AND HIS FOOTMAN—A SKETCH ON THE PINCIAN.

clergy snatched from the people their natural rights, formed themselves into a ruling caste, and established a spiritual tyranny, religion disappeared, and worldly passion governed bishops, popes, and councils. Rome may now dethrone the cardinals, and renew the simplicity of its early Church. As the centre of religious reform in Italy it will no longer need pagan rites nor spiritual princes.

HORACE GREELEY.

The man whom the "Liberal" Republicans at Cincinnati selected to be their standard-bearer in the ensuing political campaign is in every sense of the word "self-made." His father, **Zaccheus Greeley**, was a poor New Hampshire farmer, who was only able to give him the advantages of a common-school education, and very little of that. But his energy, ambition, and capacity supplied all deficiencies, and enabled him to push his way from obscurity to the prominent position he now occupies.



THE HON. HORACE GREELEY, "LIBERAL" REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on the 3d of February, 1811. He was a rather feeble child, and for years suffered from want of physical strength rather than from any positive disease. He lived with his parents in New Hampshire until the 1st of February, 1821, going to school a little and working on the farm a great deal, when, in consequence of his father's failure and the enforced sale of his farm, the whole family went to West Haven, Vermont. Here he was distinguished at school by the readiness with which he absorbed knowledge.

After about five years of farm experience in West Haven, where each season proved a worse failure than its predecessor, he became an apprentice in a newspaper office, *The Northern Spectator*, at East Poultney, Vermont.

Mr. **Greeley** remained four years at East Poultney, doing the hard work of an apprentice with credit. He went thence to visit his father in Chautauqua County, New York, and subsequently worked at his trade in Jamestown, Lodi, and Erie. But work in small towns was scarce, and, after vain searching for permanent employment, the young printer started for New York city. He went by canal-boat from Buffalo to Schenectady, and thence footing it over the old turnpike, he reached Albany, where he took passage in a tow-boat for New York. Here he landed August 17, 1831. Work was the thing first in order, and after a short search he found it with a printer in Chatham Street.

Mr. **Greeley** made his first business venture in New York as a partner in a daily paper called the *Morning Post*, started January 1, 1833, by Dr. H. D. **Shepard**. The paper lived about a month. In March, 1834, he made his first visible mark in journalism by issuing the *New Yorker*, a large and handsome weekly paper devoted to literature and news. Here, for the first time, he began to use a pen as well as types, and in a short time became widely known as a writer. Two years after starting this paper Mr. **Greeley** married. Five children have been born to him, of whom two boys and one girl died at early ages.

While publishing the *New Yorker* Mr. **Greeley** made his début as a political writer in 1838, on a small campaign paper called the *Jeffersonian*, and in the **Harrison** campaign as the editor of the *Log-Cabin*. On the 10th of April, 1841, the day on which the people observed the funeral of President **Harrison**, Mr. **Greeley**, almost moneyless and unaided, issued the first number of the New York *Tribune*.

In 1848 Mr. **Greeley** was elected to Congress to fill a vacancy, and served from December 1 of that year till March 4, 1849. His Congressional career was not a brilliant one, and was chiefly distinguished by his vigorous assault upon the mileage system. In 1850 he published a volume of political lectures and essays, under the title of "Hints toward Reform." The following year he made a voyage to Europe, and during his visit to England served as a juryman at the Crystal Palace Exhibition. On his return he published a volume entitled "Glimpses at Europe." His first important contribution to political literature was his "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension and Restriction from 1787 to 1856," the year of its publication. In 1859 Mr. **Greeley** paid a visit to California, traveling overland across the plains.

During the political excitement which immediately preceded the outbreak of the Southern rebellion, Mr. **Greeley**, in common with many prominent members of the Democratic party, took the ground that the disaffected States should be permitted to depart in peace, if a majority of their inhabitants desired the separation, and form a new government for themselves. On the actual occurrence of hostilities, however, he gave the national administration a warm support; though several times during the progress of the war, when disasters had overtaken the national forces in the field, and the issue of the campaign was wavering in the balance, he appeared to lose heart and to be ready to give up the contest on almost any terms that could be obtained. It is fortunate for the nation that his views were not shared by the dominant party at the North; and doubtless Mr. **Greeley** himself is now well satisfied that his counsels were disregarded.

To comment at length upon Mr. **Greeley**'s political career would be beyond the purpose of this sketch. Our readers can not fail to remember his famous tour through the Southern States a few months ago, when he shook hands with **Jefferson Davis**, and made conciliatory speeches to Southern people who have not become reconciled to the issue of the war nor to the amendments to the Constitution. The tour looked amazingly like a part of an electioneering programme, like **Johnson**'s famous "swinging round the circle," or General **Scott**'s equally famous "military tour of inspection" in 1852.

It was evident several weeks before the meeting of the Cincinnati Convention that Mr. **Greeley** would be a candidate for nomination; but, though his strength and popularity with certain classes were allowed—and it was supposed he would receive a large complimentary vote—very few outside of the circle of his immediate friends and admirers supposed he would obtain the first place on the ticket. The Hon. **Charles Francis Adams** was regarded as by far the strongest and most eligible man for the position; and this opinion remained unchanged until a short time before the balloting commenced. On the first five ballots Mr. **Adams** took the lead, but without securing the number of votes necessary to a choice. **Trumbull** and **Davis** were nowhere, from the start. The contest lay between **Adams** and **Greeley**. At the close of the sixth ballot the poll stood as follows:

Adams	324	Davis	6
Greeley	332	Chase	32
Trumbull	19	Palmer	1

Before the result was announced, the Illinois delegation changed to **Greeley**, with the exception of one member, who insisted that his vote should stand for **Trumbull**. Several other States followed the example of Illinois, and the final result was announced as follows:

Whole vote	714	Adams	187
Necessary to a choice	358	Greeley	482

A motion to make the nomination unanimous was lost. The Convention nominated Mr. **Gratz Brown**, of Missouri, for Vice-President on the second ballot, and then adjourned *sine die.*

IT IS ALTOGETHER WRONG to trifle with a bad Cough or Cold, when the risk is so great and a remedy so sure, prompt, and thorough as Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be readily found.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

LOUISA KELLEY, Ackworth, Ga., has, with the general use of a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine, for three years supported a family of four adults and two children, built and paid for a house, and has $100 cash on hand. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

EVERY GENUINE box of Dr. McLane's Liver Pills bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., and their private United States Stamp. "Take no other"—the market is full of imitations.—[*Com.*]

THE DEAD AND DYING.—No time must be lost when the hair begins to perish and part from the roots. Procure PHALON'S CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR immediately. Two or three applications will stop the mischief. The loose filaments will take root again, the lost ones will be renewed, and the health of the hair will be thoroughly restored. Nothing else will answer. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

YOU will always hear men who know what to eat and how to dine calling for the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce at all the best hotels.—[*Com.*]

CUNDURANGO has lately effected some remarkable cures of Scrofula and Rheumatism, and is rapidly winning its way into favor with physicians and people as a most valuable alterative and blood purifier.—[*Com.*]

THE PUBLIC have for years indorsed *Burnett's Cocaine* as an unrivaled hair-dressing.—[*Com.*]

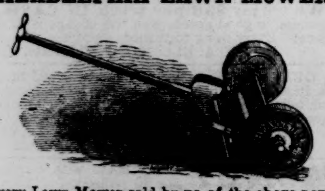
The Advertising Rates of "Harper's Weekly" have been changed as follows: For each insertion,

$2 00 per line, Inside;
$4 00 " " Outside.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists.*

PHILADELPHIA LAWN-MOWERS.



Every Lawn-Mower sold by us of the above-named style is warranted unconditionally. If it does not prove satisfactory it will be exchanged for one of any other kind. Prices, $15 to $110. Send stamp for circular to the Sole Agents, **R. H. ALLEN & CO., 189 & 191 Water St., N. Y.,** Manufacturers of and Dealers in Agricultural Implements of all kinds, Seeds, and Fertilizers.

In ordering or asking Circulars, please mention having seen advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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BUY GOOD CABLE SCREW WIRE MADE.

A PROTRUDING TOE is not a pretty sight, and is never seen where children wear

SILVER-TIPPED SHOES.

They will save half your Shoe bills.

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Assets, $10,000,000.

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This is one of the oldest and most successful of the Life Companies. Send for its books and circulars, and examine its new plan of DEPOSIT INSURANCE, which is the best form in use.

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THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.
Extensively used and recommended
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Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.
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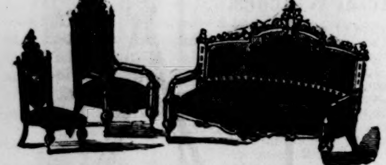
DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue),
STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF



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Of any House in the United States, which they offer at Retail and Wholesale prices.

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MR. STEVENS: *Dear Sir*,—I write this note to inform you of the effect of your "Blood Purifier" upon my system. When I commenced taking it, a year ago, I was very much debilitated. My limbs were swollen so that it was impossible for me to get into or out from a carriage, and very painful to go up or down stairs. Indeed, I could scarcely stand on my feet. My appetite was gone, my strength failing rapidly. After using your medicine for a few weeks, I began to improve. My appetite improved, and my strength returned. I can now perform my duties as a nurse with my wonted ease, and I feel I owe it to your remedy. I should not wish to be without it.

Yours gratefully, MRS. C. A. H. TILDEN.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE
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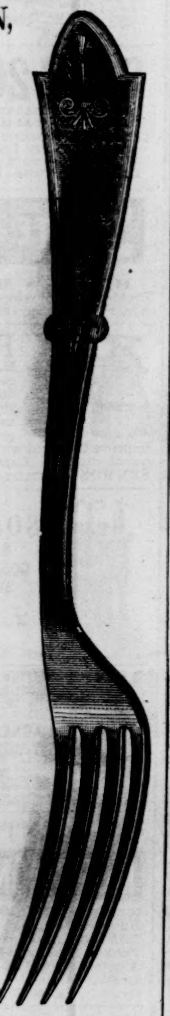

"GEM" PATTERN.

This illustration represents a new design of Electro-Plated Fork, manufactured by Reed & Barton. In design and finish it so much resembles the solid silver that even an expert would find it difficult to detect the difference.

All their forks and spoons are made of the finest quality of Nickel Silver, and are heavily plated with pure silver.

They also manufacture almost every other article of Table-Ware, such as **Tea and Dinner Sets, Cake Baskets, Fruit Stands, Water Sets, &c.**, in many new and beautiful designs.

They pay especial attention to their **Patent Seamless-Lined Ice-Pitchers**, which have been so thoroughly tested and given such satisfactory results.

REED & BARTON now have one of the largest works in the country, but they find it necessary to make extensive additions this season. They will, besides greatly enlarging their principal factory, build a new one, 240 x 40, three stories high, with French roof, thus adding more than 40,000 square feet of floor to the space now occupied in the production of their goods.

They have salesrooms at the factory, at Taunton, Massachusetts, and at No. 2 Maiden Lane, New York.

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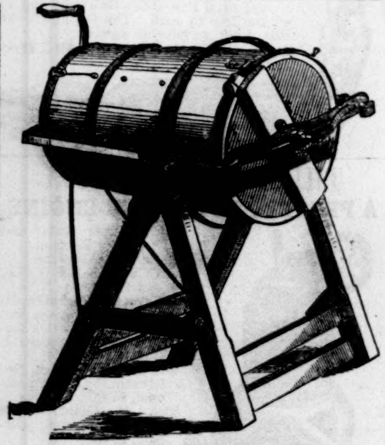
WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 96 Fulton St., New York City. "Enough said."



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Is recommended for FAMILIES, HOTELS, SALOONS, and WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS

As the best Ice-Cream Freezer in the market.

It saves ICE,
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And produces the finest quality of Cream known to the Art.

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JOSEPH WATSON, Esq.: Dear Sir,—The "Young America Press" we had of you is all right every time. We are surprised and delighted with the quality of the work it does, the simplicity of its construction, and the ease and certainty of its operation. We think it will save us its cost every thirty days. Yours, always for "the best," PORTER BLANCHARD'S SONS.

40 Drops of Constitution Water
3 times a day cure
Inflammation of the Kidneys,
Stone in the Bladder,
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Diabetes, Gravel, Gleet,
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For Sale by all Druggists.

$150,000 IN CASH PRIZES.
HIGHEST PRIZE $50,000.
IN AID OF THE SICK AND DESTITUTE.

The Mercy Hospital drawing will positively be made May 30th. Tickets $3, or two for $5, sent C. O. D. Address PATTEE & GARDINER, Omaha, Nebraska; or, PATTEE & CO., 114 Broadway, New York City.

MAGIC FOR the PARLOR. Send a stamp for a price-list. HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY, **743 Broadway, New York.** Hartz's Magic Euchre Pack, $2, post free, with a Book of Tricks arranged by M. Hartz, that can be done only with this pack. No practice required.

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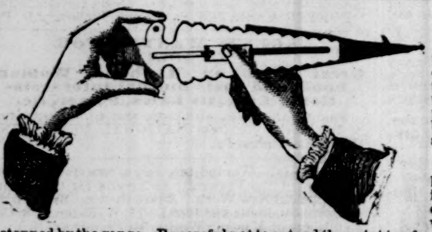

The Protean Lancette.

Experience teaches that to secure for an article the favor and patronage of the LADIES, it must combine beauty and elegance of design with practical utility. The favor with which our modification of the **Button-Hole Cutter** has been received predicts that no Lady's Work-Basket will be regarded as complete without it. It is also an admirable Envelope, Leaf, and Paper Knife.

DIRECTIONS.—To extend the Lancet, hold the instrument as illustrated by the engraving; then, holding it as you would a pen, with the cutting edge from you, insert the point (where you wish to commence the button-hole) until you are stopped by the gauge. Be careful not to extend the point too far at first, but cut and try until the hole is a sufficient size to allow the button to pass through; then observe at what point the slide is on the scale, that you may be able to retain the size. The Lancet can be sharpened like an ordinary knife. Samples mailed postpaid on receipt of 50 cents. **DOOLITTLE MANUFACTURING CO., 599 Broadway, New York.**

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Mt. Florence Estate,
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CASH FUND!
TOTAL VALUATION,
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All to be distributed among SHAREHOLDERS, as a majority may determine at a meeting to be held in the City of New York, on the

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FOR SALE
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Persons residing at a distance remitting the money for the number of shares they may wish will receive them promptly by return mail.

This is an absolute, bona fide, and peremptory sale of a magnificent property on the Hudson, near New York City, to which a CASH FUND has been added.

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Will open on the first day of June, in order to accommodate all who desire to witness the June Examination at the MILITARY ACADEMY. Early application for rooms should be made to

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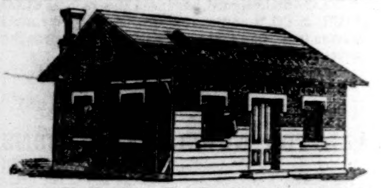

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Are respectfully reminded that the Proprietors of the
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are also Proprietors of the Best Hotels in
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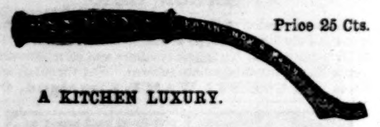

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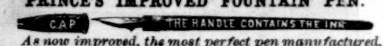
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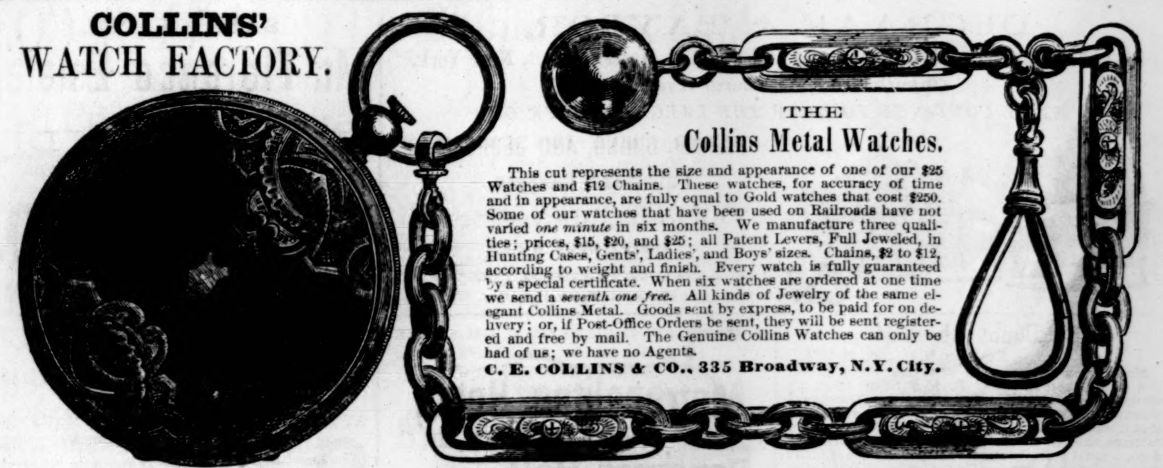

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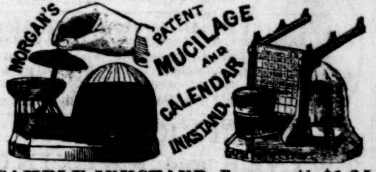

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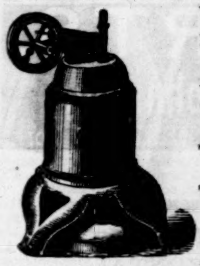

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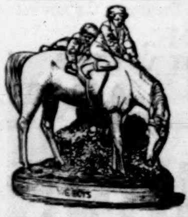

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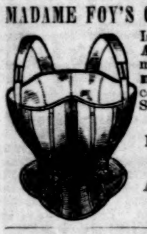

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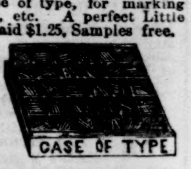

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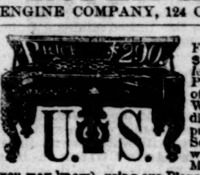

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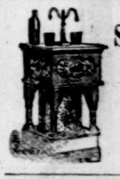

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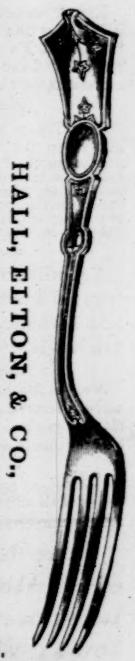

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